

CHINA MAIL

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RELAX IN DAKS
THE FAMOUS COMFORT IN ACTION TROUSERS
Whiteaways
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

MORE STORMY PERIODS LIKELY

COMMENT OF THE DAY

6-MONTH PLUG

NEW regulations have been introduced to halt the flow of immigrants getting into the Colony with Macao Police identity cards. These are issued to Chinese entering Macao from the mainland and until recently were accepted by Hongkong Police as "presumptive evidence of bona fide residence". But Police suspect that many who have thus entered have no intention of leaving. And controls have recently been announced which in effect state that entry will be restricted to those resident in Macao for six months or more.

It would have been more helpful if, when announcing these regulations, Government could have made some estimate of the number using this method of entering the Colony and the number suspected of staying here. If in six months' time a regular flow of immigrants begins again Government ought to discuss new measures with Macao authorities.

HARDSHIP

IT is not of course possible to institute wholesale restrictions but if a quota system is not possible what may be worked out is a scheme whereby all identity cards issued after a date mutually agreeable to both governments would be ineligible for entry to Hongkong unless the holder deposited a substantial bond with the Immigration authorities here and produced a guarantee by a local resident known to be reliable that the declared duration of the stay would not be exceeded.

This is bound to cause some hardship but Hongkong must take strict measures to stop new immigration. Court cases recently indicate that Chinese, who are now no longer restricted from leaving the mainland, are making concerted efforts to enter the Colony either illegally by junks or by exploiting loopholes like the regulation permitting Macao identity card holders free entry.

It would seem that Police measures are meeting with some success but the sudden end to the recent spate of illegal entry cases in the Magistracies suggests that either Police action is no longer being taken or that immigrants have found some new way of entering the Colony undetected or that Police and Court action are successful deterrents. Whatever the reason, however, perpetually strict vigilance is necessary to control this problem.

Depression Moving North-west

The No 3 typhoon signal was still up this morning and weathermen predicted that there will be strong east winds, cloudy with squally showers and periods of rain for the day.

Wild stormy conditions like those experienced after midnight last night and again soon after dawn this morning are again likely.

According to the Public Relations Office this morning there were no reports of houses collapsing or landslides despite wild gusts of wind which exceeded 50 knots during the night.

The tropical depression now affecting the Colony was centred about 270 miles SSW of Hongkong at 3 am today.

Almost Stationary

The depression then was almost stationary or moving slowly towards NW.

The Royal Observatory issued a statement at 8 o'clock this morning. It said that during the night there had been very little change in the position or intensity of the depression centred SSW of the Colony.

Strongest Gust

Fresh to strong easterly winds had persisted and there was no indication yet that they were decreasing.

The strongest gust of wind recorded since 7 am today was 52 knots at the Observatory and 57 knots at Waglan.

Between midnight and 1 am today, .59 of an inch of rain fell. At the same time the Observatory recorded a maximum gust of winds of 53 knots. The highest mean wind speed since midnight was 24 knots.

According to a warning issued this morning, typhoon Agnes was centred about 44 miles SE of Okinawa moving NW at seven knots.

Man Charged With Boy's Murder

London, Aug. 16.

A 36-year-old engineering worker was today charged with the murder of seven-year-old Allan Warren, whose naked body was found on a building site at Loughton, Essex, last week after he had been criminally assaulted and suffocated.

The man—Horace Edwards—had tried to commit suicide last night by gassing himself in the kitchen of his mother's home in the London suburb of Wanstead, which is near Loughton.

Bedside Watch

He was saved by the unexpected return of his mother and was taken to Wanstead hospital.

Detectives sat by his hospital bed throughout the night. Today they took him to Woodford police station where he was placed under arrest.

Edwards, slight and pale, described by his neighbours as a "very quiet sort of chap", will appear before a police court tomorrow.

The boy Allan was murdered in a particularly brutal manner. His body was lacerated with nail scratches and bits of human nails were found deeply embedded in his flesh.

The child disappeared from his parents' car while they were having a drink at a "public house", where children are forbidden to enter.

Uncle Cleared

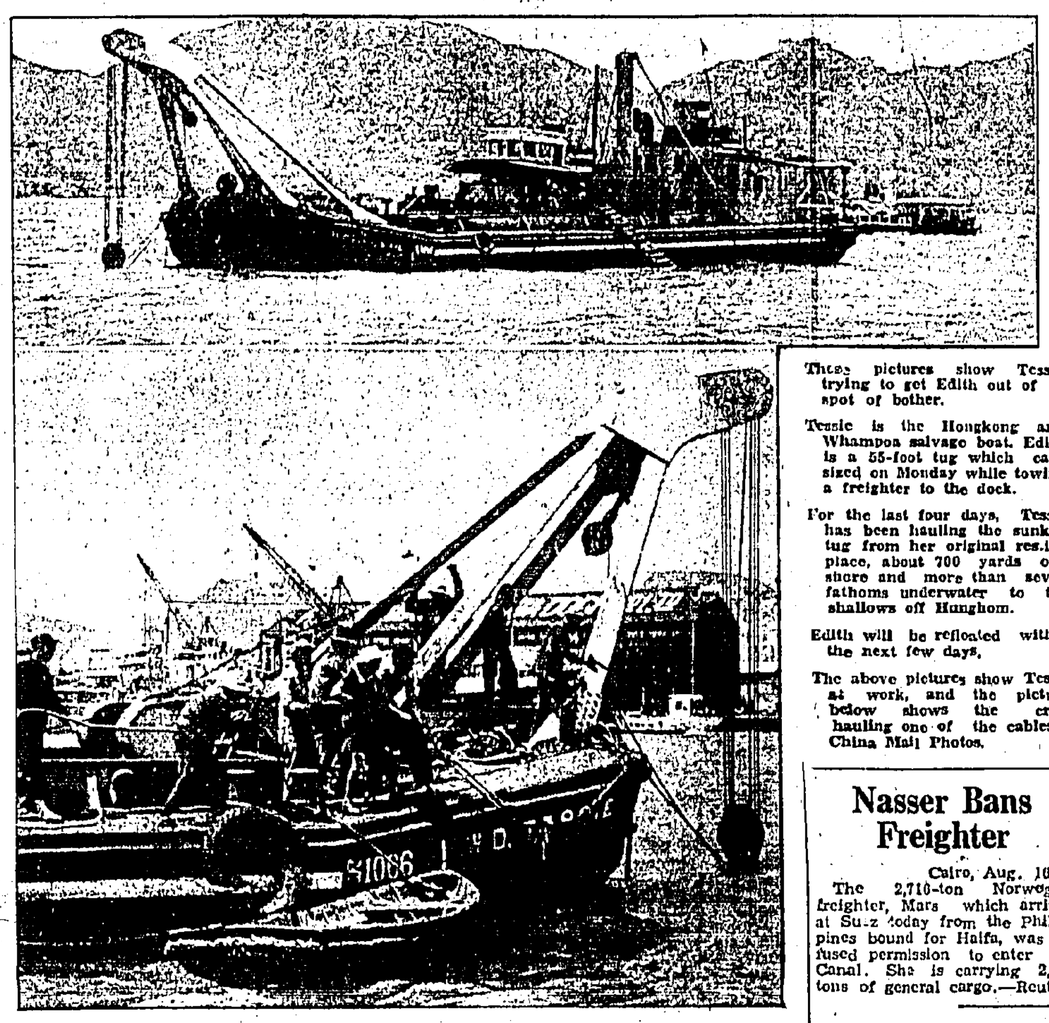
Edwards' arrest cleared Allan's 25-year-old uncle, Colin Warren, who had described himself as "suspect number one" and who told BBC television viewers last night what it felt like to be a "suspect." After the programme the BBC was accused of bad taste and publicly apologised.

One sequel of the murder is that some newspapers are now campaigning to have children admitted to "public houses."

Meanwhile the murdered boy was buried today in the little church at Lowestoft, Norfolk, where his parents were married 10 years ago.

The Vicar, the Reverend Williams, who married his parents, conducted the funeral services. The boy's coffin was covered with flowers from the children of the school where he was a pupil.—France-Presse.

Salvage Boat's Bid To Raise Sunken Tug



These pictures show Tessie trying to get Edith out of a spot of bother.

Tessie is the Hongkong and Whampoa salvage boat. Edith is a 55-foot tug which capsized on Monday while towing a freighter to the dock.

For the last four days, Tessie has been hauling the sunken tug from her original resting place, about 700 yards offshore and more than seven fathoms underwater to the shallows off Hunghom.

Edith will be refloated within the next few days.

The above pictures show Tessie at work, and the picture below shows the crew hauling one of the cables—China Mail Photos.

Airliner Down In Sea

New York, Aug. 16.

A four-engine Varig Brazilian Airline's Super Constellation trying to return to land on only one engine crashlanded in the sea today 300 yards from shore, the Airline said.

It had no passengers.

The plane had just discharged 32 passengers at Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, and was heading for Miami and the repair shop on three engines when the propeller of a second engine flew off, knocking out a third engine.

The Coast Guard said one of its planes had signted the wreckage 300 yards offshore from the Dominican town of Gaspar Hernandez.

ONE KILLED?

Varig said the plane normally carried a captain and four crewmen but said it was understood that several crew members got off the plane at Ciudad Trujillo with the passengers.

First reports said one of the 11 crewmen aboard was killed and another was missing. One was reported injured.

A Varig Brazilian Airline's spokesman said all but one had been rescued. The spokesman said the missing man was believed to have swum ashore.

The plane had been flying from Rio de Janeiro to New York and developed engine trouble shortly before its arrival in Ciudad Trujillo.

NOT UNUSUAL

The 32 passengers were taken off the plane and booked on a Pan American Airway's flight for New York, Varig said.

Then the plane took off on three engines, a not unusual practice for "a ferry" flight such as this," the Airline said.

The Airline said the pilot was Capt. Geraldo Kippling, a veteran airman.—Agencies.

Nasser Bans Freighter

Cairo, Aug. 16.

The 2,710-ton Norwegian freighter, Mars which arrived at Suez today from the Philippines bound for Haifa, was refused permission to enter the Canal. She is carrying 2,800 tons of general cargo.—Reuter.

RUSSIANS CLAIM TO BE NEARING CREATION OF ARTIFICIAL LIFE

Moscow, Aug. 16.

Soviet scientists are approaching creation of artificial life under laboratory conditions, Mr Aleksander Oparin, the Soviet scientist, said in Moscow today.

In a press conference today he told the official Soviet news agency Tass: "Although it has not been possible as yet to reproduce artificially and in full the process of exchange of substances, we have learned to create in laboratory conditions systems which are close, in respect of their properties, to the existing living systems."

The press conference was held for Soviet and foreign journalists in connection with the international conference on problems of the origin of life, which opens in Moscow on August 19.

About 40 of the most prominent scientists from various countries will take part, the agency said.

Mr Oparin said he was certain the conference would help in solving the problems of the origin of life on earth, which could be coped with only by such a body of scientists from many countries.

He said that Soviet scientists have met with numerous difficulties, particularly in attempts to transform matter, but have started to achieve transformations similar to those occuring in living things.—France-Presse.

WEST GERMAN NAVY TO BE ALMOST DOUBLED

Kiel, Aug. 16.

The 80-vessel West German Navy will be increased to 150 combat ships with the addition of destroyers, escort corvettes, supply ships, tankers, floating workshops and an ultra-modern training ship, it was disclosed today.

Naval sources said the torpedo ships, whose number remains to be fixed, would probably be ordered from West German shipyards and would each be equipped with two rocket launchers, 10 guns and five torpedo launching tubes. They would displace 2,000 tons.

The corvettes, of 1,500 tons, would be equipped with sight guns and would do 30 knots. Some would be used for escorting minesweepers, submarines and reconnaissance launches, the source said.

The training ship of 4,500 tons, would be equipped with guns of all sizes and propelled by steam turbines and diesel engines at speeds up to 15 knots.

It will be equipped with ultra-modern radar apparatus and will have space for 500 naval cadets, the sources said.—France-Presse.

EVEREST HONEYMOON

Katmandu, Aug. 16.

Dr Charles Evans, aged 38, one of Britain's leading Himalayan climbers, plans to spend the greater part of his honeymoon near Mount Everest this autumn, it was learned today.

Dr Evans who was a member of Britain's victorious Everest expedition in 1953, has told friends here he intends bringing his bride to Katmandu in October for "a short walk and a little climbing."

By this he means a 170-mile trek from Katmandu to the 10,000-foot Namche Bazar, the Sherpa capital at the foot of the Everest massif.—China Mail Special.

Escape From Caves

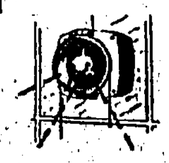
Saint Gaudens, Aug. 16.

Three cave explorers trapped 1,650 feet underground by rising water escaped today when the waters receded. The three—all Frenchmen — had been stranded for 24 hours in the Coum Ouarned Caves near this Pyrenees Mountain town.—United Press.



NO MORE COOKING SMELLS ROUND MY HOUSE

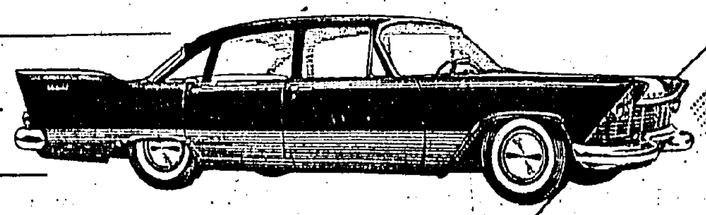
Her home never smells of cooking. Her kitchen walls are never streaming. Hot, steamy air and odours are whisked away by Xpelair, the *draught-proof* extractor fan that's easily fixed in any window or wall. An inbuilt iris seals out cold air when fan is off. Attractive domestic model in cream and black —uses less current than a reading lamp!



XPELAIR
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The British General Electric Co., Ltd.
Showroom Alexandra House Tel. 36151

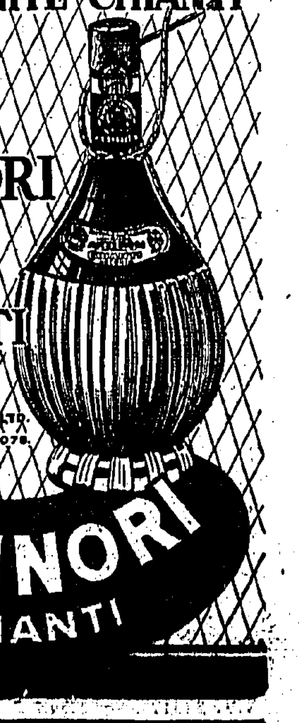
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KING'S ★ PRINCESS
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.10 P.M.

TO-DAY

THE HEART OF A GUN SLINGER EXPOSED ON THE SCREEN!

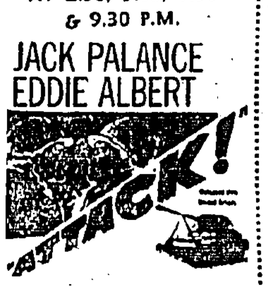


Starring JACK PALANCE • ANTHONY PERKINS
NEVILLE BRAND • ROBERT MIDDLETON and introducing ELAINE AIKEN
Produced by Pat Duggan • Directed by Henry Levin • Written by Harry Essex and Robert Smith
VISTA-VISION

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW At 11.00 a.m.
20th Century-Fox present
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
on Wide Screen
Admission: $1.00, $1.50

KING'S Air-Conditioned
TO-MORROW AT 12 NOON
BASANT PICTURES present
"DAKU"
Starring: Shammi Kapoor - Shashikala
Anwar - Kuldip Kaur
Songs sung by: Asha Bhonsle & Mukesh
With English & Chinese Subtitles
Regular Admission Prices

PRINCESS
SPECIAL MATINEE
To-morrow at 12.30 p.m.
Paramount present — Hal Wallis production
Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis in
"THAT'S MY BOY"
With a laugh a minute!
Admission: $1.00, $1.50

CAPITOL RITZ
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
JACK PALANCE
EDDIE ALBERT


To-Morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
JAMES STEWART in "WINCHESTER 73"

3 SHOWS TO-DAY
At 2.00, 5.30 & 9.00 p.m.


To-morrow Special Show At 12.10 p.m.
"HANSEL AND GRETEL" IN TECHNICOLOR



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"PRESTIGE"
Your next Suit or Topcoat
MUST BE
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FILMS CURRENT & COMING
by
ANTHONY FULLER

Fire Down Below:

Filmed in the tropical splendour of the British West Indies, "Fire Down Below," starring Rita Hayworth, Robert Mitchum, and Jack Lemmon, is now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra Theatres. The unique and breathtakingly beautiful backgrounds, screened in Cinemascope and Technicolour, are not the least of the attractions and the enjoyment to be found in the film.

The main emphasis of "Fire Down Below" is on actions. During the film the story takes many original and exciting turns as it develops its engrossing narrative. Adopted from the popular and best-selling novel by Max Catto, "Fire Down Below" tells the story of a strange and beautiful woman, Felix and Tony (Robert Mitchum and Jack Lemmon) own and run a small boat on occasional smuggling excursions among the small islands of the Caribbean Sea.

Everything

When they are hired to transport Irena, (Rita Hayworth) a lovely woman who has no passport from one island to another, the two partners fall out with each other over her. From then on you have everything including a fire at sea.

This film brings back Rita Hayworth who has been absent from the screen for almost three years. The role, that of a disillusioned femme fatale, is a perfect choice for this red-headed charmer.

If you like heavy-fisted slugging action, you will enjoy this film which demands only that you sit back in your seat while Mitchum and Lemmon pack a lifetime of action into ten thousand feet of film.

Photographed on location in the Caribbean Islands of Trinidad and Tobago, "Fire Down Below" has some outstanding vistas of tropical splendour and beauty which fill the wide are of the Cinemascope screen with the sunlight of the Caribbean Sea.

Dat Calypso

During the location filming in Trinidad on "Fire Down Below" now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra, the West Indian calypso singers following the film unit around the island, worked overtime composing rhymes in the stars' honour.

Every time one of them saw a member of the cast a verse in his or her honour was quickly made up and sung with a hand stretched out for the "pay-off". A typical example made use of Robert Mitchum's reputation with the ladies; a singer eulogised him with:

"Robert Mitchum, with the ladies you are nifty,
So be generous Man, and hand over fifty."

That would be about $80 Hongkong.

Jack Lemmon whose hobby is writing song lyrics created a piece of amusement when accosted by a singer who chanted:

"Jack Lemmon is a star with a horn of plenty,
The least he can do is hand over twenty."

Paean Of Praise

The actor promptly replied in song:

"Thanks a lot but as loud as you holler,
The most you'll get is a single dollar."

Rita Hayworth's ardent song admirers were less mercenary. In fact a couple of them, "Mighty Spitfire" and "Lord Superior", wrote a paean of praise to her beauty.

"Rita Hayw'ts hair is red as you can see,
That Woman sure have personality,
And she has such charming eyes,
They have the whole world hypnotise."

Quite a nice tribute in its way.

A Mild Addict

The Lonely Man:

I gave up going to Western when I no longer qualified for the penny-rush, that is until I saw films of the quality of "Shane". Since then, I have become a mild addict. "The Lonely Man," now showing at the King's and Princess, is not a film that exhausted all Hollywood's superlatives, yet it has all the qualities that have put Westerns back in the front rank of entertainment films.

Rugged Jack Palance, famed for his portrayal of the venomous hired gunman in "Shane," which won him an Academy Award nomination, is the lonely man of the title. Anthony Perkins, an Oscar nominee for his outstanding work in "Friendly Persuasion" is Palance's sensitive young son who has harboured hatred for his father, believing him to be an evil killer. Not only must Palance meet the emotional problem of making peace with his son, but he is physically threatened by a band of outlaws, who seek to avenge a killing.



Harry Belafonte and Joan Fontaine in "Island In The Sun".

Robert Middleton is the other star in this Vista-Vison film, and he is the second part of the answer to the question every Western fan will be asking: "Is there a lusty, knuckle damaging, knock-down fight?". Of course there is, one that will have you slinging hooks left and right. The fight occurs because Perkins tries to wrest from the burly Middleton information about his gunfighter father.

There is quite a romantic story concerning the only feminine role in the film. Elaine Aiken, former student at New York's famous Actors Studio, had been less than a week in Los Angeles on her first trip West, when she captured this part in "The Lonely Man." In its way, that is some achievement, for you will notice the chief scene is a tender, highly emotional sequence in which she has the difficult task of telling young Perkins, to whom she is obviously attracted, that she is obligated to marry his father. As you may have guessed, there is a theme song, and would you believe it? It's called "The Lonely Man."

Riot Of Fun

It's Great To Be Young:

Well, stun me with a toffee-apple. Here's a highly respectable British Co-ed Grammar School, with John Mills as a genial history master with a passion for symphony music and jazz. Naturally his class has the best Bach and Boogey Band in the business, and that is where the trouble, and the riot of fun, begin.

A new headmaster, Cecil Parker, is appointed to the school, and he soon makes it clear that music is to take second place to lessons. The pupils make it equally clear that such is not the case.

John Mills, usually in uniform and tight corners makes a complete turnabout, and is here as a curly-headed schoolmaster, better, I should imagine, at getting top C on his trumpet than explaining the foreign policy of Castlereagh.

A Nightmare

Cecil Parker is every bad boy's nightmare of a headmaster, and he does just what a headmaster of his type would do; he sits on the popular teacher, and threatens to ruin the school band by denying them funds for buying the necessary instruments.

The story is so unsophisticated that it could be thought out by a schoolboy still smarting from six of the best, yet the script is so clever that it reminded me of the days when I used to howl at the preposterous Will Hay and his impossible class.

Cyril Frankel's direction keeps the pace at a lively speed and Gilbert Taylor has done a fine job with the colour camera.

If you want to know where the music really comes from, the hit-parade theme song is sung by Ruby Murray, while Humphrey Littleton and his boys help out on the jazz side. If you like more serious music, then here is an opportunity to hear the London Schools Symphony Orchestra play the classics.

Well, it's all a lot of cheery nonsense, and maybe it's the mood I'm in, but somehow I feel we could all do with a bit of cheery nonsense. So there you are, John Mills leading a slap-happy, cheerful, laughing team, in a colourful romp of fun you can take the whole family to see at the Hoover or the Liberty.

Dog Lovers

Kelly And Me:

I don't think you had better follow me too closely with this one. For I confess I am a dog lover, the kind of dog lover "Indignant" writes to the paper about. The kind who lavishes affection on a dog, and, I admit, one who receives affection in return.

"Kelly and Me" is all about a dog, and an Alsatian at that. So you had better be the critic and I'll just say that this dog steals the picture.

A Technicolour and Cinemascope production, now showing at the Metropole and the Star, is all about a dreamer who reached for the stars and grabbed a handful of nothing until Kelly, a white Alsatian, lent him a helping paw, and leads him to Hollywood and stardom. You can see I'm so taken up with the dog, I forgot to tell you that Van Johnson is the down-and-out vaudeville performer Kelly helps out.

Great Last Days

Glamour is provided by Piper Laurie in the role of the daughter of a motion picture studio head, and Martha Hyer as a slinky screen vamp. If you admit to ageing some ten years out of step with this century, you will get a nostalgic glimpse of the last great days of vaudeville; that was somewhere around the early thirties.

Kelly is one of the most versatile and perfectly trained dog stars ever seen on the screen. He goes through an endless array of show-stopping stunts that would be difficult even for a human actor. There I am back to the dog, but it's that kind of picture. If you like dogs. A picture your heart will remember long after your eyes have forgot.

Unanswered

Island In The Sun:

I thought "Island In The Sun" would play to big business, at any rate the Roxy and the Broadway have decided to run this picture over a second week-end. I have little to add to the excellent critique that appeared on this page last week, but there are two points I should like to make merely to see whether you agree or not.

My first is, don't you think that John Williams steals the picture? I mean from an acting point of view. When he discussed Dostoyevsky's Crime and Punishment with the wilting Mason, smashing right through his pompous facade, then, airily: "I'll send it (the book) over some time," or something like that. I've seen a small part steal a picture before, but never better.

The second point, from rather a lofty angle. Good picture that it is, did you feel it lacked completeness, as do all works that pose a problem and leave it unanswered? I am not for one moment pretending there is an answer that I could even hint at, but, even so, I am irritated by people like Alec Waugh who ask me questions I can't answer, and they don't try to answer.

New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "It's Great To Be Young." British Technicolour comedy. John Mills and Cecil Parker.

KING'S AND PRINCESS: "The Lonely Man." VistaVision outdoor drama. Jack Palance and Anthony Perkins.

METROPOLE and STAR: "Kelly and Me." A dog, a boy, and a girl. Kelly and Van Johnson.

QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA: "Fire Down Below." Technicolour, Spontaneous combustion in calypso-land. Rita Hayworth, Robert Mitchum, and Jack Lemmon.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Island In The Sun." True love and the other thing under the hot Caribbean sunshine, Joan Fontaine, Harry Belafonte, Dorothy Dandridge, Joan Collins, Michael Rennie, James Mason.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Living Idol." Love and reincarnation. Steve Forrest, Liliane Montevecchi, James Robertson-Justice.

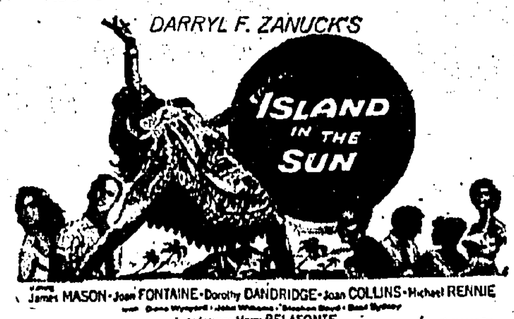
KING'S AND PRINCESS: "Animal Farm." A cartoon version of George Orwell's animallegory.

METROPOLE and STAR: "Foreign Intrigue." Cloak and dagger thriller. Robert Mitchum.

QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA: "Phantom of the Rue Morgue." Edgar Allan Poe's shocker. Karl Malden, Claude Dauphin, Patricia Medina, Steve Forrest.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "An Affair To Remember." Romantic comedy. Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr.

ROXY & BROADWAY
2nd SENSATIONAL WEEK!
NOW SHOWING THE 9th DAY!
Please note change of times:
ROXY: At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
BROADWAY: At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S


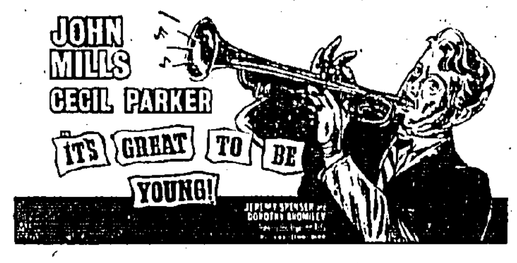
James MASON • Joan FONTAINE • Dorothy DANDRIDGE • Joan COLLINS • Michael RENNIE
and introducing Harry BELAFONTE
COLOR by DE LUXE CinemaScope PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK • SCREENPLAY BY ALFRED HAYES
Released by 20th Century-Fox

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"
A Puppet Show
In Ansco Color
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
M-G-M TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.
Kirk Douglas in "ULYSSES"
In Technicolor Color
— At Reduced Prices —

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY
5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.



HOOVER : LIBERTY
CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60148, 60248
TO-DAY: AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
A cute comedy in the best British tradition!
Hilarious Fun! Riotous Laughter!



With the Angel Hill Grammar School Kids
"....a splendid performance and is supported by a talented young cast which must captivate every audience with their lighthearted zest and gaiety."—S.C.M.P.

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12:00—REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOVER THEATRE: Clark Gable, Lana Turner in "BETRAYED"
LIBERTY THEATRE: Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson in "LAST TIME I SAW PARIS"

AIR-CONDITIONED
STAR THEATRE · METROPOLE
★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. THREE STOOGES COMEDY & TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m. UNIVERSAL TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
— At Reduced Prices —
STAR: At 12.30 p.m. John Wayne in "SEARCHERS" In Warner Color
METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m. Doris Day in "CALAMITY JANE" In Warner Color
— At Reduced Prices —

ORIENTAL · MAJESTIC
AIR CONDITIONED
FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
Action Drama with thrilling scenes from start to the end!
JOHN STEINBECK'S The Wayward Bus
CinemaScope
starring JOAN COLLINS
JAYNE MANSFIELD · DAN DURYEA
— TO-MORROW — 20th Century-Fox Picture "DEAR HEART"
Morning Show To-Morrow 12.30 SHAWN BRANGER in "MOONFLEET"

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.


To-Morrow Morning Show AT 12.30 P.M.
ROSY CALHOUN in "THE SPOILERS"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Life With The English—By US Wives

DON'T FORGET YOUR BROOM, GIRLS WARNED

London.

AMERICAN Air Force wives in Britain have produced a guide book on life among the natives for girls coming out from the US. Its message: "Bring everything—except the kitchen stove."

From the pooled experience of 150 women at Fairford, Gloucestershire, comes this advice on the home; BRING your kitchen equipment down to the last measuring spoon—weights and measures are different. Bring an American cook-book and an American broom.

THE US WIFE AS EMMWOOD SEES HER...



A washing machine is a must, and an electric drier is very necessary—clothes cannot always be dried out of doors.

No luxury

BRING an electric blanket—English bedrooms are usually unheated. And a table lamp—they rarely have adequate reading light.

BRING your spring mattress too—those provided in rented houses are not usually the type you are accustomed to.

The book warns:

Expect cold, damp weather—"You'll live in fur-lined boots"—cramped houses with no luxury conservative clothes and congested roads.

But it promises wonderful people beautiful gardens and gay pageantry.

And it urges a spirit of tolerance when unaccustomed luxuries cannot be found.

Expensive

Its pointers to FASHION:

British formal and cocktail dresses are lovely but expensive. Bring them—but avoid taffeta and faille or the British dry cleaners will ruin them.

Nylons are expensive and inferior in cut and fit. Sweaters and skirts or slacks are general wear for American women in England.

Most of the clothes you bring will fit well with the conservative English style.

Woollen dresses and suits are cheaper—and you can wear a suit all year round—the climate is so cold and damp.

For children, it says, the best winter wear is flannel-lined jeans—"unobtainable in Britain."

Not so bad

The book has been compiled by Airman First-Class Bill Smith, who directs the camp information service. Similar books are being issued at other bases.

"Most American wives find the first six months in England the worst," says Airman Smith.

"They miss their larger homes, their household luxuries—and the weather.

"But when they settle down they find that England is not such a bad place after all.

"They love antiques and old furniture and historical things. They like pageantry and they all want to meet the Queen."

They like —

Here are some of the likes and dislikes the American wives talked about.

Mrs Gloria Yeomans, wife of a master-sergeant at Fairford—two years in Britain:

"Your people are so friendly—they're wonderful. The gardens are so well-kept and full of flowers. Your laundry—with four young children it's my life-saver."

Mrs Yvonne Higginson, wife of a technical sergeant:

"British dry cleaners invariably send back your clothes with buttons missing, and you cannot match the old ones."

Another G.I. wife: "Why don't your butchers and fishmongers put things in a fridge instead of the window? It's not hygienic."

Hiss And . . .

THE ROBOT BALLERINA GETS MAD

London.

The British television debut of a French robot ballerina was delayed indefinitely because "she" gets angry if anyone in the audience hisses her performance.

The Empire News reported here that the robot, created by Paris sculptor, Nicholas Schaeffer, has an electronic brain and can dance to any music, learn the choreography of any ballet, and even improvise a dance when hearing a piece of music for the first time.

She has one fault, the newspaper said. She stops dancing and advances with all the menace of her 2,000-pound weight when she hears a person hiss at her.—United Press.

THREE'S A CROWD...SCAT!



The most popular additions to the Copenhagen Zoo are three baby tiger cubs—a lion cub and a leopard cub. Visitors spend many hours watching their actions—for they are all in one den . . . for the time being. A small black dog thought he would investigate—and have a bit of fun with the cubs. The cubs thought otherwise and soon chased him out of the den.—Keystone Picture.

MAN COLLECTED HUNDREDS OF EGGS FOR PROFIT

London.

THE most persistent birdnester of them all, 74-year-old William Cottrell, heard a magistrate say of his hobby:

"It is a miserable picture of single-minded greed and concentrated selfishness."

The old man who never tired of a boy's hobby turned birdnesting into a business side-line.

POUNDS EACH

Last week he was fined £100 with £13 costs for possessing for sale thousands of eggs of rare or wild birds. Only his age saved him from prison, said Chard, Somerset, magistrate, Mr Kenneth Macassey.

The hobby began when as a boy of eight he climbed a tree after his first egg. He found his friends were envious of his eggs and were willing to barter toys for them.

So William Cottrell collected more eggs. He became a dealer.

He spent all his life in Chard and, until the other day, went out most days searching his boyhood haunts on the nearby moor.

His collection—hundreds of eggs in nearly every room of his house—was swelled by supplies from lighthouse-keepers and estate workers.

Some eggs he sold for 6d. each, others brought in several pounds each.

But his egg-dealing ended when the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds saw one of his advertisements. The fines that might have been imposed totalled £14,000.

ACT OF 1954

He pleaded guilty to possessing for sale 2,002 eggs of wild birds of species nested in the British Isles in a wild state, selling 12 eggs of wild birds, and possessing for sale 94 birds' eggs, of which 93 were rare species.

The eggs are protected by an Act of 1954.

The magistrate said: "This is one of the most serious cases of defiance of the law which this court has ever considered.

"It mattered not to you that the wild bird population of this country should be denuded provided you could take your cut out of the proceeds."

THE LONG LINE

Kenninghill.

A 76-year-old Californian proudly announced he'd succeeded to tracing his ancestors back to 1660 within a week.

George H. Morley, of Long Beach, Calif., arrived in England to search ancient records for news of his ancestors. He said he'd traced the family line back to 1660 and might be able to go still further.

Morley's grandfather emigrated to the United States in 1870.—United Press.

That Low-Down Bit Of Vittle—The Hot Dog

AMERICANS TO EAT 80,000 MILES OF THEM THIS YEAR

By DOC QUIGG

New York.

Here we are brimful of summertime, and I am being badgered by the hot dog people about this being national hot dog month and why don't I do something about it?

Certainly I will do something about it. The hot dog is a mean, low-down bit of vittle without a speck of character, moral fibre, imagination, beauty, responsibility, architectural soundness, hormonal integrity, or national consciousness.

This poor man's schnitzel has insidiously worked its way—bored from within, as it were—into such eminence in this country that it seems unpatriotic nowadays to talk about America without mentioning hot dogs. Yet, wherefore is it American?

In character? Nay, not a bit of it. There is no independence of spirit in the hot dog, no personal bite of conviction privately arrived at. Indeed, if it were not for a superficial audacity provided by a foreign overlay of mustard, the hot dog would be almost vegetable in its impact.

REMARKABLE TALENT

As an outdoor companion to man in this season, the hot dog shows a remarkable talent for getting into trouble. What happens to it at the beach? It gets clogged with sand. At ball games? Drips mustard all over you during tense moments. At picnics? Draws ants.

Indeed, the weiner and the bun are so wedded that dictionaries generally are inclined to define "hot dog" as a package deal—a heated frankfurter placed in a split roll. The World Company's Webster adds a couple of other ingredients: "Often served with mustard, catsup, etc."

The Merriam Company's unabridged Webster goes a step further, leaving the morsel in the mouth but assigning it a new role: "Also used interjectionally to express surprise or approval."

NATIONAL BINGE

The greatest public concentration on hot dogs, according to the industry, is between Memorial Day and Labour Day. The absolute peak period of hot dog champing—amounting practically to a national binge—is the Fourth of July holiday.

At the rate we're going, this year Americans will eat ten billion, one hundred and one million (10,101,000,000) hot dogs, which, if linked end to end, would stretch from here to the moon nearly three and a half times—800,000 miles of mulnchery.

This comes, to 60.1 hot dogs per person in the United States, a gain of 3.1 over last year. Why do we do it? Is the hot dog habit forming? No. There is only one reason. When there's a void in the stomach and you bite into one of the things, the taste buds flash a two-word message: **HOT DOG!**—United Press.

INSPECTOR CALLS ON DUCK RACE NIGHT...

London.

A MAN from the RSPCA turned up for a "duck race" the other night....and the event nearly had to be called off.

When Inspector S. Tynan was spotted among the crowds in the tiny Berkshire village of Grove, all the competitors dropped out.

Organisers rushed about in a last-minute attempt to find people who would chase ducks down a stream for the 200-year-old race.

They found five men and boys. And the race went on, with grim-faced Inspector Tynan making notes for a report, to his London headquarters.

'Nothing cruel'

The first duck was put in the water. It paddled desperately to get away from the five pursuers.

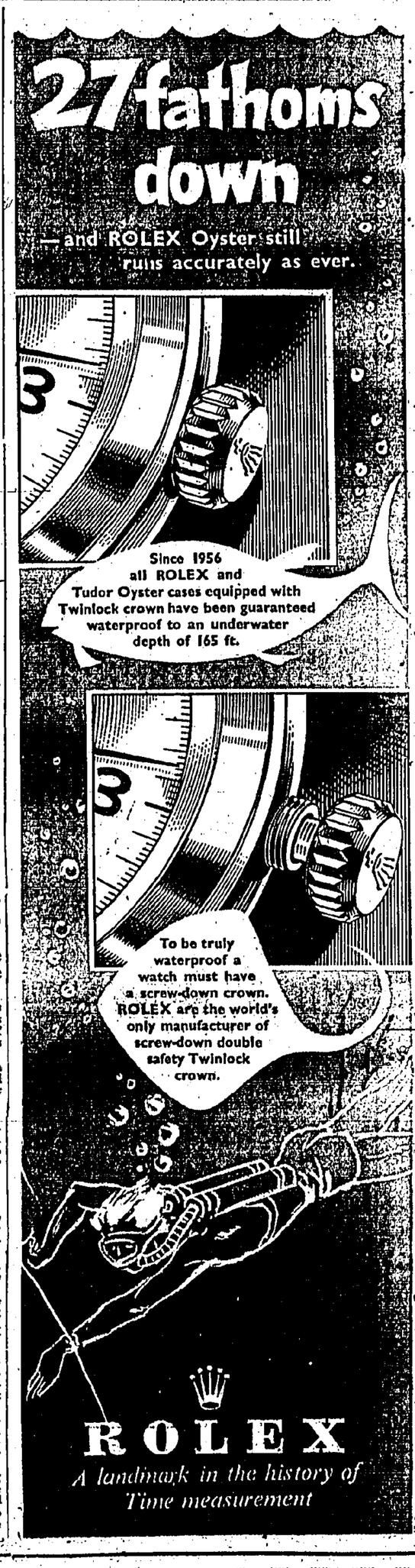
Leonard Skinner, aged 24, grabbed the duck to win the race. *His price: the duck.*

He said: "I don't care about the RSPCA man. There is nothing cruel in this game. It is good fun. I can't see why they should want to stop it."

Mr G. Knight one of the organisers, said: "The RSPCA inspector has caused us a lot of trouble. He nearly ruined the race tonight.

"Competitors wouldn't take part because they were frightened of the publicity and the possibility of being summoned for cruelty."

He added: "There is nothing cruel in duck racing. If the RSPCA want to take legal action against us they can do so. We will fight them all the way."





Millionaire Gets A Foot On The 'Keep-Out' Island

London.

MILLIONAIRE Sir John Ellerman has at last found his ideal retreat—an island full of rats.

For rats are Sir John's hobby. He has studied rodents for years, written three volumes about them.

Now he will study them at leisure on one of Britain's strangest islands.

He has rented a cottage from banker's daughter Mrs Mary Bonham Christie, "Queen" of Brownsea Island, Poole Harbour, Dorset.

Since 1927, when Mrs Christie bought it for £125,000, Brownsea Island has been barred to strangers.

She made it a bird and animal sanctuary. Since she moved into the 35-bedroom castle, not even a mouse has been harmed at Brownsea. That is why it is overrun.

It fascinated 47-year-old Sir John. Here the artist and the chance to study rats in their natural surroundings.

He wanted the 880-acre island to himself—but would Mrs Christie sell?

Money was no handicap. Sir John is reputedly the richest man in Britain.

He was left £40,000,000 by his father in 1933 and wise investment in ships, newspapers, and industry has swelled his fortune.

His negotiations were to be with the utmost discretion.

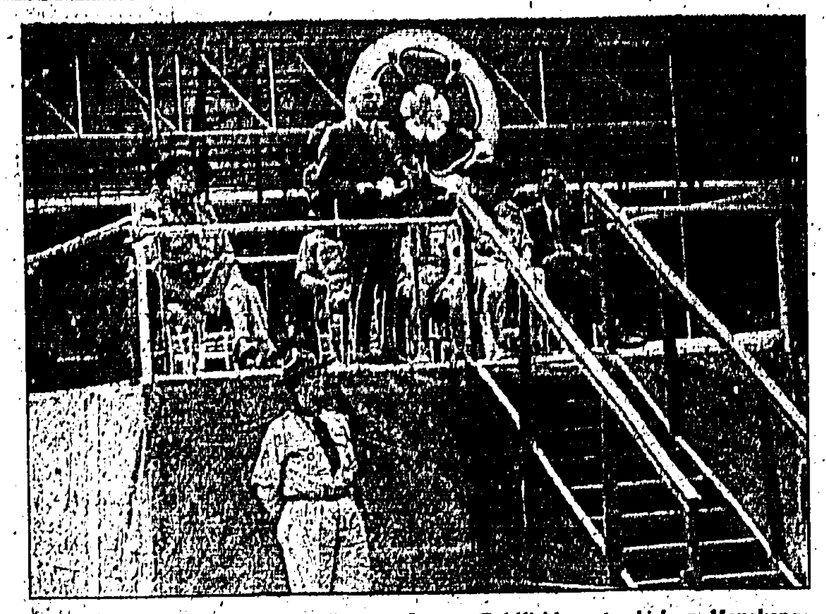
They told Sir John: *Mrs Christie will NOT sell. But she will let a cottage.*

So he took the cottage. There he will live simply with Lady Ellerman, formerly the artist Esther de Sota.

Among his neighbours will be Mrs Christie's nine servants, who leave the island only with her permission and by her private ferry.

But he will stay only as long as Mrs Christie wishes.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



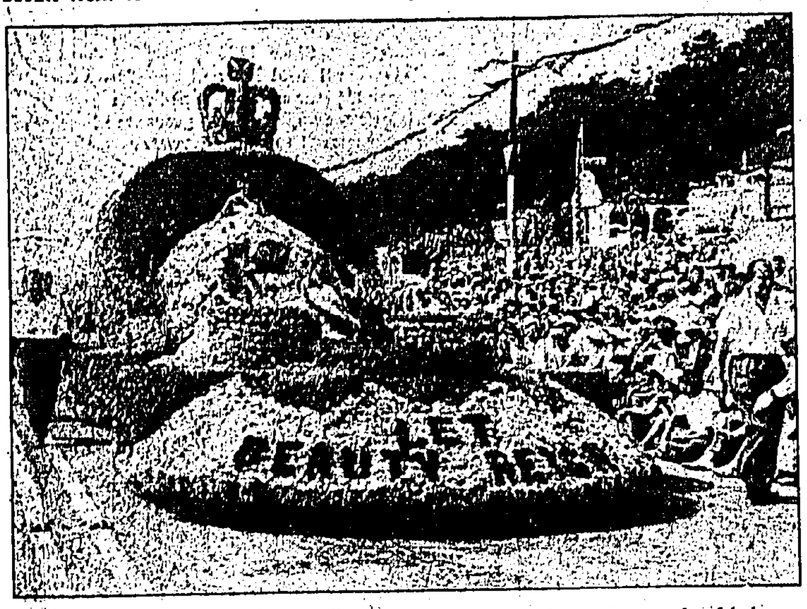
The World Scout Jubilee Jamboree at Sutton Coldfield, at which a Hongkong contingent is present, is opened by the Duke of Gloucester, President of the Boy Scouts Association. He is seen making his speech of welcome to the 35,000 Scouts from 82 countries who are attending. Express



Sixteen, and not far off six foot, Christine Truman who was not far off the Wightman Cup either, sets out for America—for more tennis, naturally. Express



Dr Stevens, director of the National Spastics Society, confesses that his Operation Measles was a flop. He believes that if an expectant mother gets measles she may have a spastic baby, so the nine Stevens daughters were exposed to all the measles they could find—to get it over and done with. Not one of them got a spot. Express



Seventy wire frames took hundreds of man-hours to make. Thousands of helpers worked three days to cover them with Channel Island blooms for the Jersey Battle of Flowers. But when the bugle sounded "Open Fire" it only took the crowd ten minutes to rip them all to bits. Express



Lillian Gish, one of Hollywood's first stars (Birth of a Nation—1914) is now 56 . . . and in England to make a new film. Express



Her eyes half closed with exhaustion, but her stroke as strong as when she set out, Florence Chadwick (36) of the United States ploughs through the dark Bristol Channel to reduce the record for this 11 mile stretch to 6 hours 7 minutes. Express



No trumpets, no starlets jostling the photographers, just personal friends and local neighbours when actress Shirley Eaton (20-year-old girl with a £40,000 film contract) went to the parish church at Kenton with her favourite Director . . . of a local building firm, Colin Rowe (27). Express



All was not so well all of the time at Sutton Coldfield. Pumps, duck boards, and plenty of spade work were needed to defend the Scouts' canvas city from the rain, and camp fires were used for more than singing round. Express











Prince Philip was the main attraction at a charity cricket match at Arundel Castle, Sussex. Team mate (Australian Captain) Ian Craig said, "Considering the Prince only plays two games a year, he shows promise. If he had the time and we could persuade him to do it, I'd like to have him in the Australian team."

He bowled test player Tom Graveney, Desmond Eagar, Alan Moss, and the Duke of Norfolk (blocking—right) clocking up four for 60. Batting, he hit a 6, two 4s, and was clean bowled (that's the fatal ball—centre) by George Tribe. Result was a draw: Norfolk—157. Prince Philip—254 for 8. Express

REPORT FROM WASHINGTON

"Mr Gluck is a nice Guy"

By Alexander Broad

WASHINGTON had rather too good a time of it at the expense of a Mr Max Gluck.

This Mr Gluck is the new American Ambassador to Ceylon—the same Mr Gluck who didn't know who the Prime Minister of Ceylon was and who said he knew who the Prime Minister of India was but couldn't pronounce his name

Now Washington reporters and bureaucrats are normally a pretty restrained lot But Mr Gluck, fresh from running a chain of 140 dress shops and contributing $26,500 to President Eisenhower's campaign funds, was too much for them

Mr Gluck was the laugh of the nation.

It happens, as so often happens, in those cases, that he is a rather nice guy. It also happens that he is very far from being an ape who has trouble with his reading and writing

Laughter and fulminations

He is something of an art expert, a clever but easy-to-get-along-with businessman, and the sort of man who is likely to take his duties as ambassador very seriously. The Ceylonese Ambassador to Washington likes him and has publicly spoken up on his behalf.

What is fundamentally wrong—and seen to be wrong—now that both the laughter and Mr Dulles' fulminations of righteousness have died down is that there are plenty of skilled and learned students of foreign affairs whose fitness for the job far exceeds that of the likable Mr Gluck.

The Gluck case has merely highlighted a situation which has been known for a long time. Mr Eisenhower's administration is composed very largely of big businessmen and corporation lawyers.

These men feel more comfortable working with others of their kind. They neither understand nor care very much for the professional civil servant or the scholar.

The advice of the men who know most are not the kind of men this Administration instinctively trusts.

That is one of the root causes of the unholy mess in U.S. foreign policy

Bomb drop and fly home

You do not have to look far to see the mess

At a moment when a war is going on in Oman, Col. Nasser is riding high on Kremlin gold, Jordan is tottering, and Israel is in danger of buckling under economic pressure, Mr Eisenhower chooses to make a public announcement to the effect that his "doctrine" for the Middle East has been a great success.

Mr Dulles has cleverly succeeded in stirring up the London disarmament conference by taking over in mid-stream from Mr Stassen, dropping a large bomb, and then flying home to Washington well before the Russians have caught their breath.

To round off a good week, the U.S. promised Germany it would do everything demanded in Chancellor Adenauer's election manifesto. This means, in particular, no settlement of the European arms muddle until Germany had been re-united on Adenauer's terms.

That will help the Chancellor win his election, but nobody in the State Department seems to know quite what bearing it has on the disarmament talks Mr Dulles is so busy warming up.

A President on a President

Ex-President Herbert Hoover had his 83rd birthday the other day. He let it be known that he's working on a book—on another ex-President, Woodrow Wilson.

Hoover is a Republican, Wilson was a Democrat; but Hoover once worked for Wilson and he believes his ex-boss, despite party, was one of the greats of the age.

"Hey Vivienne!"

They're going to raze Carnegie Hall, the longtime shrine of New York's music.

And, in its place, they plan a 44-storey skyscraper which will cost $22 million.

It will be tiled in brilliant red plastic from top to bottom.

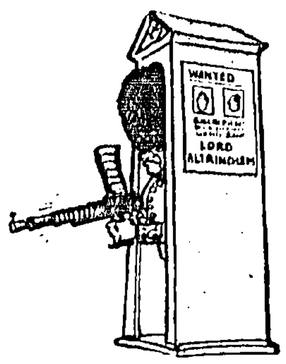
CUMMINGS ON THAT DISLOYAL LORD



By Gad, Sir! Another dirty Tory trick to pretend they're more radical than the Socialists!

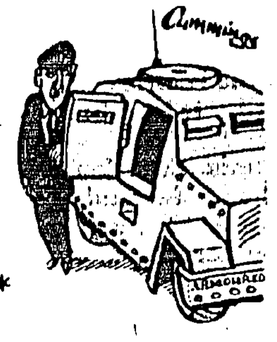


Pneumatic drills? No, that's just some old English aristocrats turning in their graves. . . .





I know I'm only a deb, Lord Altrincham, but no horse-whipping could hurt you as much as you're hurting my toes.



Lord Altrincham, Sir, your taxi waits . . .

Gaitskell Confesses To The Housewives!

by TREVOR EVANS

The Tories and Socialists—each exactly 6 years in office . . . Now someone spills the beans

JUST as Mr Hugh Gaitskell was taking his family off on holiday to Italy the other day, his back-room boys made a mighty admission.

Since the war Britain has had six years of Socialist rule, and six years of Tory rule—six years exactly

So the time had come to make a comparison between the two forms of Government

And what better basis of comparison could you pick than the cost of living?

The first

HERE is the great admission. From Transport House, the Socialist Party headquarters —

Under Labour the cost of living rose by 31.8 per cent, and retail food prices went up by 41.5 per cent. Under the Tories, the cost of living has gone up by 27.6 per cent, and food prices alone by 40.3 per cent.

This is the first time, so far as I can recall, that such an acknowledgment has come from Socialist headquarters

I remember that when I put a similar suggestion to Mr Herbert Morrison shortly before the 1955 General Election, Mr Morrison, quite understandably, side-stepped. He said it could not possibly be so.

At that time I was working on official figures for the four years since Mr Churchill resumed office in 1951, compared with the four years before the Socialists lost the 1951 General Election.

Explanation

THE Socialists have surveyed the whole period since the end of the war, mainly because this is the first time we have reached parity in duration of administrations.

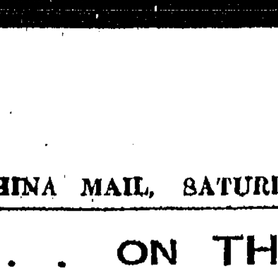
And the simple fact emerges that the cost of living went up more under the Socialists than under the Tories.

It is going to take a lot of explanation. But there IS an explanation, the Socialists claim.

The Socialists would not be foolish enough to make this gift to Mr Macmillan without taking good care to remind him that he would be foolish to exploit it.

For the Socialist case is that they did mightily well to control the cost of living as well as they did, while the Tories have been careless to let it rise as much as it has.

In the Attlee Government's reign (1945-51) import prices generally rose by 103.6 per cent —in other words they more than doubled—and the import price



How living costs rose under the two parties

of food, drink, and tobacco went up by 59.3 per cent.

So the Socialists now claim credit for keeping DOWN the rise in the cost of living. They say: "By our policy of controlled prices, controlled profit margins and subsidies, we were able to go a long way in cushioning the effect of external price increases on the internal cost of living."

Confirmation

IMPORT prices under the Tories have fallen by 2.7 per cent, and the increase in the price of imported food, drink, and tobacco has been only 8.3 per cent. So the Tories, argue the Socialists, have done a bad job to let the cost of living rise at all.

This argument may give some satisfaction to the theorists.

But I can't see much comfort in it for the housewife. She knows that the cost of living keeps going up.

And the latest statement from Socialist headquarters merely confirms her cynical suspicion that it does not matter much which Government is in—the cost of living still goes up.

FOOTNOTE: Is this outright admission by the Socialists the first sign of candour in political propaganda?

Or did the back-room boys of the Socialist Party not quite appreciate what a hot admission it is?

ANDREA DORIA: *a matter of millions*

Last week a man called Armando Conti, who comes from New Jersey and who used to be known principally for his activities in the liquor distributing trade, announced that he was ready to buy up the Andrea Doria from the Italian insurance company which owns what remains of her.

Ever since the 30,000-ton, $40 million liner went to the bottom 13 months ago, laymen have dreamed fondly of bringing her up.

Orthodox salvage men have said the job is impossible. One good reason is that she will have to be dragged 18 miles and lifted onto a shoal before divers will be able to patch up her holes

The cable alone for such a job would cost a million dollars. And, with scrap selling for $40 a ton, she would yield not much more—certainly nothing like the four million dollars the job would probably cost.

But Mr Conti thinks he can get at least nine million. He does not believe that her value is restricted to the value of her scrap metal. Many vital parts, he thinks, can be sold, and it may even be possible to fit her out again for passenger service.

His plan, he hopes, will go into action next March, after the winter storms. Trickiest part of the job will be lifting the Andrea onto the shoal.

Two ore carriers, joined together, and nearly filled with water will be used. Once cables have been tied under the Andrea, the water will be pumped out of the ore carriers —and the whole lot should rise several feet.

Drive a car to the Midnight Sun

by DOONE BEAL

GRAPE-BLUE vistas of mountain and water passes with the snow piled 10 ft. deep on either side of the road sun-baked, sandy beaches scores of tiny picture-card islands

Where in one country will you find all this? In Norway. I commend that country to anyone who wants an off-beat holiday, and whose idea of holidaying abroad is not limited to lying all day under a beach umbrella or trudging round art galleries absorbing culture.

Norway is not a collection of resorts. It is just one beautiful country. That is its charm.

There are four main centres, each of which can be used as a holiday starting point and base. They have varied claims.

Around **Oslo**, the capital, there is excellent and extensive sailing in the fiords. I watched the boats from the terrace of a gorgeous restaurant and Yacht Club, 20 minutes' drive away from the city.

Stavanger, in the south-west, has 20 miles of sandy beaches. Here there are many holiday hotels which cater especially for families with children.

Trondheim is the gateway to the adventurous far north, and has the best trout and salmon fishing in the country.

Even Norwegians are dreamy-eyed when they talk about it. Fifty-pounders are not uncommon, and you can have your catch smoked locally and take it home with you.

Trout fishing is year-round, salmon-fishing ends on September 5. Either is available to any fisherman as in the rest of Norway, on payment of a 20s. licence fee.

Dawn-set

From Trondheim and points north, you can see the extraordinary Midnight Sun; and even as late as August (for it is essentially a midsummer phenomenon) still read a newspaper by the pink glow in which today's setting sun meets tomorrow's dawn.

I have left my favourite place until the last: the old capital city of **Bergen**, also on the west coast.

It has the fresh, salty quality, the tug-hooting harboursides bustle of Marseilles. The sight of it as you drop in over the mountains to land is sufficiently exciting to distract the attention of even the most air-queasy.

It is lovely as only a city can be which grows out of a steep hillside and spills down over a series of islands and quays, crowned by a great white tiara of a bridge.

It is in the heart of the fiord and small-island country—those bare, beautiful little islands, which are quite different from the steep, thickly wooded (and, to some, slightly claustrophobic) fiords.

By Boat

Unquestionably the best way to see Norway is by car (take your own or hire a self-drive for £1 a day, plus mileage, from B.E.A. or S.A.S.). But you can have plenty of fun getting around by a combination of steamship, bus, and train.

These services are well interconnected, and being run primarily for the benefit of the locals they stop at the unexpected places: little hamlets, no more than a handful of crabbed farm-houses, with a couple of fishing boats and the fat cream ponies which are the main form of transport in these remote villages.

You'll go past icy little tarns glittering in the sun, streams blinking with fish . . . past fields with the hay piled up to dry on wire fences, clothes-horse fashion. And not see a single lit-up sign, detergent poster, or factory chimney.

In the less expensive hotels, it is possible to get double room with full pension for two for 50s. a day.

And in the mountains are the Turist-huts used mainly by hikers and skiers but also accessible, in many cases, by car; where a double room comes down to as little as 4s. 6d. and a meal costs the same.

* * *

AND THE FOOD? Excellent. The famous "kold table" is undoubtedly the star turn, with its variety of shell fish, smoked hams, and herrings. And I shall not forget the milky-fresh sea trout, steamed in a kettle and served up with melted butter and chopped chives. Dinner for two in a good restaurant costs around £5 with wines — which are very reasonable—and liqueurs.

You can eat more cheaply: the hors d'oeuvre or "cabaret" as they are called locally, are a meal in themselves; and in the cafes of Oslo and Bergen you can get a substantial open sandwich for 3s.

Norway is not a cheap country. Reckon to pay English prices for most things, including transport. And keep out of the cocktail bar if you want to save your money. Whisky and gin both cost around 7s. 6d. a glass.

But the Norwegians are friendly and anxious to please. They do not make you feel a sitting target for tourist exploitation.

* * *

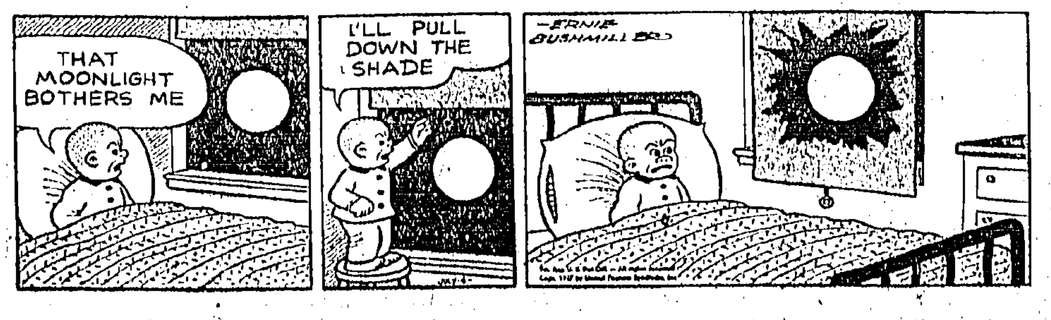
THE WEATHER? At its best near-perfect. The sun is hot in the south, but the atmosphere has a dry, pale-blue sparkle—a combination which, I am assured by the locals, reaches its peak in late August and early September. But since the weather (as in all mountainous countries) can turn temporarily Irish, take a raincoat and sweaters as well as things to sunbathe in.

* * *

WHAT ABOUT THE HOTELS? They are of high standard. Cost of the best is around 45s. a night for double room with bath.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



THIS is the Gin



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE QUEEN GIN DISTILLERS JAMESBURY SHERRY & CO. LTD.

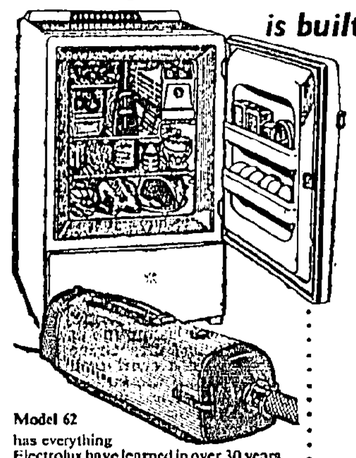
Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Sole Distributor: DODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED.

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○ The waves drove it towards the island. Then the incredible happened. Instead of smashing on the reef, the boat lurched through a tiny gap—into the harbour where it had been built.

● The story of The Boat That Came Home is told in RETURN TO THE ISLANDS, by Sir Arthur Grimble, who spent a lifetime governing the Gilbert and Ellice Islands of the Pacific.



We clung to the capsized canoe in the steep, savage sea.

How Widow Grant's boat steered itself home

By Sir Arthur Grimble

THE cutter which for years I used for my trips as a district officer between the islands was the pride of Betio station. She had had a strange history, and she was destined years later (if you believe in such a thing as destiny) to find as strange an end.

Her story had begun for me personally one day in 1916, when, as a very green district officer, I had sailed 18 miles across-lagoon to talk to Mrs Grant about nothing but the renewal of her trade-store licence up at Tarawa North End.

The grim old widow was strictly agin the Government, and had never before honoured me with anything like a confidence; so I really can't guess what led her to treat me all of a sudden to the stuff she spilled about David Kanoa and his home-finding boat.

David Kanoa was the big, gentle Hawaiian half-caste whom she and her late husband Peter Grant had befriended in the wild years before the British Flag came to the Gilberts.

She had found him one morning at sunrise, she said, senseless and bloody on the beach of their trade-store, dumped there out of a barquentine bound from Ponape to Manihiki.

The supreme boat-builder

"THEY never came back," was all she cared to add to this little bit of prehistory: "so we had him on our hands, see. But me an' me hubby didn't lose nothing on him.

"He turned out to be a number-one boat-builder. He built us a cutter for nothing but his keep, with the lumber we give him. Over 30 years back, that was, but she's still a beaut. Look at her!"

The boat lay moored at the lagoon embayment of a tidal passage from the ocean that cut the narrow land there. From the verandah of the Grant shanty she certainly made a lovely picture, poised like a still, white swan on the emerald flume of the outflowing tide.

It wasn't her beauty, though, but her utility that wrung me with desire at the moment. I longed to have just such a craft at my call for regular visits to other islands. Top authority, however, as bone-headed as usual, had recently trodden upon me hard for daring to entertain so expensive a notion.

I was just on the unwise point of telling Mrs Grant all about it when a swirl of the falling tide made the cutter dance and tug at her moorings. "Look at her!" said the old woman again, "She's trying to get home, she is!"

The strangeness of her phrase snapped me out of my near indiscretion: "Home?" I echoed blankly.

"Well, she was born in along there, ye might say," she replied, and that set her tongue really clacking. The fact was, she explained, David Kanoa had had his boatyard by the tidal passage. Not on the lagoon beach, though. No, he had located it carefully a furlong inshore, midway between lagoon and ocean, where the ebb and flow of waters drove through the thickest of the palm grove.

IT was a fixed idea of his that a boat mustn't on any account be born in sight of the sea. If she was, he always said, she'd never be a landfinder. You couldn't tell then when she might sink with you, miles from any shore.

But build her at a place like he had chosen, looking at trees and landlocked water, and she'd remember it in her bones for ever.

'You wouldn't understand...'

"AYE," said Mrs Grant, "and she's always come back to it, as he claimed. Even without a rudder she's come safe back to where she'd been born, any of his boats would."

I didn't bother to inquire if she herself believed such ridiculous nonsense: it was too clear she did; also, she was doggedly launched on a long recital of the boats David had built there. But I did manage to ask her at last if any of the craft 'born'—to use her own word — in the Kanoa yard had ever, to her knowledge, shown the least proof of possessing that peculiar homing instinct she'd mentioned.

Mrs Grant eyed me distastefully, then barked: "You wouldn't understand, young man. You ain't no kind of a sailor," and, as if I hadn't interrupted, went on describing the last craft David had built on Tarawa—a 32-foot cruiser, cutter-rigged, with a fine hold under hatches amidships and a couple of bunks below decks aft.

A real ocean-going job; her stem and sternpost, keel and ribs, of local hardwoods; her hull carvel-built of 2in. planks from one of those ready-dressed 60ft. pine masts from California that the winds and currents now and then tossed up on the weather beaches of the Gilberts.

Mrs Grant made a big thing of that pine mast. What tickled her most about it was the secret way it had arrived, with the clear-as-mud intention, she reckoned, of preventing the ruddy Government (several years in the saddle by then) from grabbing it for a flagstaff.

Instead of rolling itself up on the foreshore like all the rest of its kind, for everyone to see, it had deliberately shot the reef, point first, one night at flood tide, then dived straight into the very tidal passage where the Grants lived, and obligingly came to rest at the bend of the stream by David Kanoa's boatyard.

'One day she will return...'

HE and Peter Grant got it sawn into 20ft. lengths levered ashore, and covered up with palm leaves before another soul saw it. Turning it into planks at his leisure then, David had that last boat of his finished within the next two years or so.

"Well, I bet that was the home-findingest of all the craft he ever launched," I got in. "Just fancy! Even the timber she was going to be built of coming barging in on its own like that, all the way from California!"

To tell the truth, I was bored stiff with that "ruddy Government" line of hers: she was always shooting it, and I'd have liked to get some change out of her if I could; but all she replied to the gibe was, "That's just what I thought myself," and then, after a long pause, "I kinda feel she will come back one o' these days, though David's dead an' gone."

David had taken his boat off to Jaluit, in the Marshall Islands, seeking other work in 1902. But dysentery had killed him soon, poor soul, and his masterpiece had been sold to a German trader.

So there she had been in 1914, away up in Jaluit lagoon, 400-odd miles from home, when the Japanese Navy came along and occupied the Marshall group. Everyone knew what had happened then.

The Japanese had taken the whole bunch of Jaluit traders' boats out to sea, blown the bows out of them with time-charges of gun-cotton, and left them to founder. There wasn't the ghost of a reason why David's creation should have escaped the fate of the rest, I reminded the old woman, but she only insisted stubbornly, "She'll come back. I kinda feel it."

David Kanoa's boat did, in fact, find her way home. Yes, entirely on her own, as far as a merely human eye could see. There in Tarawa lagoon, in the offing of the native Government station, I myself saw her floating, aureoled in the dawn light, one morning not three weeks after Mrs Grant had spoken.

Shuttlecock of the wind

A SCORE of elder villagers came forward to back the old woman's identification and point out David's habitual mark, a big K deep-cut in the sternpost. She was half full of water; the Japanese gun-cotton had shattered her foredeck, but, by some miracle, her bows had been left intact. Her mast, though shaky, still stood.

She had survived, by our reckoning, well over 12 months (meaning thousands of miles) of drifting, the shuttlecock of wind and cross-wind, current and counter-current, through heaven alone knew what innermost solitudes of the central Pacific, to emerge out of that huge emptiness not simply within sight of Tarawa but inside its lagoon.

The double miracle

THE odds must have topped hundreds of millions to one against her chance of ever returning, unsteered by human hand, from a point 400 miles away, to even the approximate neighbourhood of that single speck that was her birthplace.

It staggers the imagination to guess at what they must have added up to against her chance of pulling off the "double," which is to say, first the miracle of her homing and then the crowning marvel of her safe entry into harbour.

In the whole 20-mile length of the roaring barrier reef that shut her out from Tarawa lagoon, there were only two channels through which a human steersman could have brought her, half waterlogged as she was, unscathed.

She either chanced precisely—just like that—on one of these passages and swam serenely in on the bosom of the rising tide, or else came swooping home superbly through the giant, charging combers over ten thousand jagged coral points and ledges, any one of which a few minutes sooner or later than the exact top of high water would have ripped her to splinters in the crashing surf.

Mrs Grant behaved most irritatingly about the whole thing, I thought. The wonder of it left her totally unimpressed. I'm bound to admit, though, that the old lady backed her convictions generously. Three beautiful spars of pinewood arrived at Government station one day, with a note from her to say that as the Government was holding on to David's boat, it might as well have these for nothing.

They really belonged to David, she went on to explain, being as they were the last of the Californian lumber Sent Along So Special (the capitals were hers) for building the craft 15 years ago.

I snatched at her gift. The gear needed to refit the "Flotsam"—that's what we called her—as the ocean-going sloop of my dreams was going to cost the whole of £50, which there wasn't a hope of Headquarters letting me spend out of public funds; and I couldn't afford anything near that amount out of my own pocket.

All so very illicit

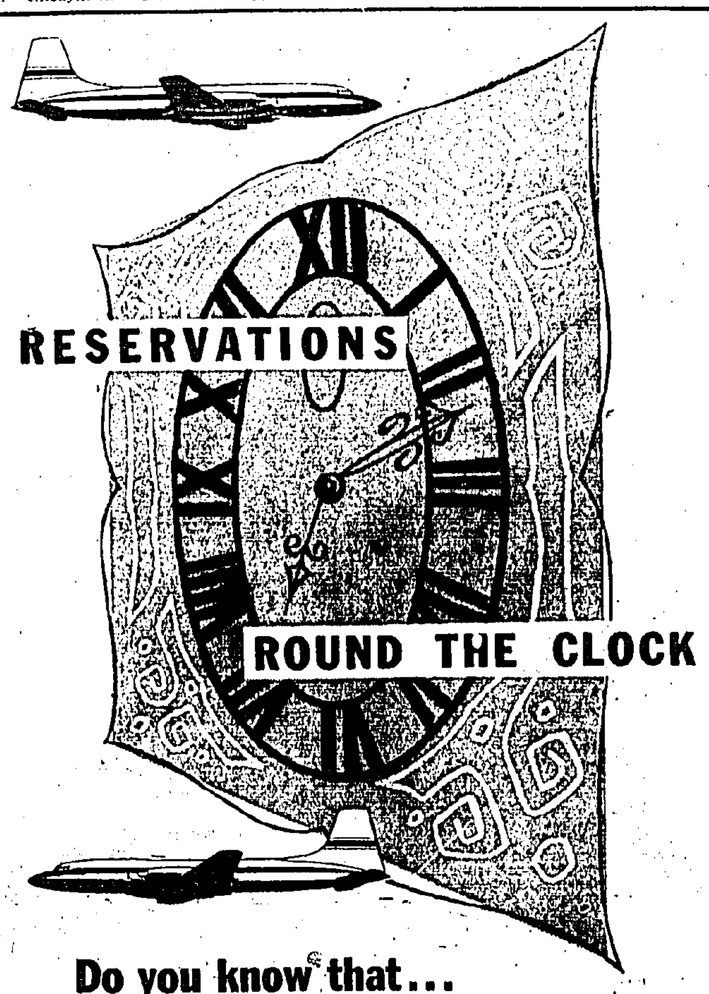
BUT what with getting the spars so providentially for nothing and paying for the sails myself, I found it fairly easy to scrounge the rest from Government stores—the odds and ends, I mean, like manila and wire rope, and rigging screws, and copper nails, and tackle, and muntz metal sheathing, and paint, and red lead, and tar.

It was a highly illicit proceeding, but it did enable the Flotsam to go into commission almost at once as a despatch vessel.

We put her on a monthly run to Abaiang, the island just north of Tarawa. When I didn't go along in her myself the man who took charge of her was that superb sailor and wonderful friend of the Gilbertese, chief

(Continued on Page 7)

● *This series is adapted from* Return to the Islands, *by Sir Arthur Grimble, to be published by John Murray.*



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A runaway girl dies—the others drift on . . .

native medical practitioner Sowani, and when this happened, he and I would agree in advance upon a day for her return.

I remember it was the day before we expected her back from one of those trips with Sowani that word came in of a man lying with a smashed thigh at Buariki, Tarawa's most northerly village. It was a compound fracture by the account.

The news had been relayed from runner to runner down Tarawa's 35-mile length. The passage across-lagoon was too rough for any ordinary canoe, as the south-east trades had been blowing hard for over a week.

But our station canoe wasn't an ordinary one; also, it was going to take 12 hours to get medical help to Buariki on foot, and it's better not to keep compound fractures waiting as long as that in the tropics.

So there we were, an hour after the call for help arrived—the dresser, the station canoe captain, and myself—clinging to a capsized canoe in a wild seaway, 12 miles from our starting point and eight from our objective. The going had been tremendous while it lasted, but even the morsel of sail we carried had proved too much for her in the sudden fury of a buster we hadn't seen coming.

The first thing to do with an overturned outrigger canoe is to get it completely free of the ghastly tangle of sail, mast, and cordage that a capsize always produces. That done, you mount upon the upside down outrigger float (as many of you as possible) and tread it under water.

The deeper you thrust it, naturally, the more the bottom-up hull will be levered over to lie upon its cheek; and if you can keep that turning movement going, the float, travelling down and under, will eventually come up of its own buoyance on the other side of the hull, which will then be right side up.

Dragged towards the reef

AFTER that, it takes no more than a kind of seesaw jerk that the Gilbertese use to flick half the water out of the hull, so that it floats again with a few inches of free-board. The rest is child's play. The only condition is, you have to have fairly calm water to bring it off.

We did give the method a try out that day, and we got as far as righting the hull. But nothing we could do in that steep, savage sea would empty her of water. Then the tide began to fall, and we found ourselves being sucked nearer and nearer to the bellowing maelstrom of the barrier reef.

There wasn't a hope of being picked up. Nobody who put fishing on a day like that, eight miles from land. But oddly enough, I don't remember anyone feeling very panicky about it.

Despite all appearances, something assured us deep down inside that all was going to be well. And when we had been four hours in the water, and had perhaps another 20 minutes to drift before the reef got us, the Flotsam came booming along. We didn't have to hail her; she was steering straight for us when Sowani caught sight of our heads—so straight, that he had to alter course so as not to run us down.

The canoe was a total loss, as we had nothing to anchor her with; but we salvaged the spars and sail, turned the Flotsam north again, picked up the man with the broken thigh at Buariki, and had him lodged before midnight in Betio central hospital, where an immediate operation by Sowani saved both his leg and his life.

Sowani had finished his work up at Abaiang twenty-four hours sooner than we had expected. That was all there was to it, broadly speaking. All the same, one or two other details do seem to be worth mentioning; especially the timing of his start from Abaiang.

He changed his mind

HE had planned to sail at 7 a.m. and the mainsail was actually being hoisted at five minutes to the hour when he suddenly remembered that I had asked him to bring me back a dozen island fowls for the pot.

He lowered sail at once and returned to shore. But the fowls were shy that day, bless their wild hearts! They came in so slowly that he decided to sail at 11 a.m. with only eight. In this way it came to pass that he left Abaiang neither a lot too early nor a bit too late, but at exactly the right moment, to ensure that the Flotsam would arrive, 10 miles out on her southward run, at the pinpoint in space which we occupied at eight minutes past 5 p.m. after a northward run of about twelve miles followed by a westward drift of, say, three.

Then again, there was the whim that took Sowani about 90 minutes after his start to enter Tarawa lagoon by the northern passage. He never could explain why he chose to do that; he knew perfectly well that his best course in that kind of weather was to stand on outside the lagoon, under the lee of the barrier reef, until he reached the southern entrance.

But this would have brought him in five miles to south of us. So something obliged him to come the other way: or at least, this was how Mrs Grant put it, and by "something" she naturally meant nothing but the Flotsam herself.

The craft had acquired a super-human personality for her by that time. But for myself, I had no theories. I preferred to hug a single shining thought to my heart; the Flotsam would never have been there to rescue either our canoe party or the man with the smashed thigh if I hadn't had the good sense a month or so before to scrounge all that gear from the Government. Heaven was obviously all out on my side against those asses at headquarters. But I never made an official song and dance about that.

Always up to mischief

YEARS passed, Mrs Grant sold her trade store and retired to Australia. I had gone on to be resident commissioner, and a district officer who had better be called X—— was at Tarawa in charge of the northern Gilberts when that restless character Kauli, as the villagers called him, came cutting across the Flotsam's peaceful and industrious course.

Kauli (or Karl) was the orphaned son of a Gilbertese mother by a German trader in the southern islands.

He was always up to mischief of some kind. But he had picked up a sound knowledge of marine motors and boat building, and this made him a welcome guest when, having got into trouble with the native court of his home island, he was sent to Tarawa central prison.

He was put to work at once in the station boat harbour. He told me afterwards that his plan began to take shape the instant he set eyes on the Flotsam. Something inside him claimed her then and there for his own.

His first step was to tinker at the engine of an old wreck of a motor launch that lay forgotten in the boat-house, until he had it turning over as smooth as silk. That done he proceeded to persuade X——, the district officer, that the Flotsam would be the better for a bit of auxiliary power and that he, Kauli, was the man to instal the engine.

Kauli found it fairly easy after that to get approval for a new suit of sails and, while he was making them at his own pace, he cannily followed up the idea of all-round safety.

His very reasonable suggestion, which X—— immediately accepted, was that a case of bully beef, a couple of crates of Navy biscuits, and a dozen tins of petrol should always be kept in the hold as a reserve against every possible emergency.

The stores safely aboard and the new sails nearly finished, it was time for him to organise his getaway. The main point about this was that it had to be in the dark. He must be not only out of the lagoon but also over the horizon before day dawned to proclaim the Flotsam missing.

So he got X—— to decide in advance that, when the sails were ready, both these and the engine should be tested out on a trial run to Abiang and back.

Little remained then but to make sure of not being locked up in the gaol on the night of nights. He managed that simply by developing engine trouble, the evening he and Manmau took the cutter out to her moorings.

Manmau was the policeman who had acted as his overseer at the boat harbour all along, and had also been, incidentally, his willing slave and fellow conspirator from the beginning.

While Kauli kept the engine making realistic noises at the jetty-head, Manmau came ashore and extracted authority from X—— for both of them to go on looking for the defect all night long if necessary.

X——, whose house was down by the lagoonside, got so used to the sound of the engine that his ears gave up listening at last.

Not a soul noticed—probably everyone was asleep—when the noise stopped altogether. The moon set. In the dark of the night the Flotsam vanished from Tarawa lagoon as secretly as she had entered it 12 years before.

When dawn revealed the flight it was found that two girls under 20 from Betio village had gone with them, persuaded, poor children, by heaven knows what glittering hopes of felicity and fortune down under the western horizon.

She fought to get home

THEY were unlucky from the start. The southeast breeze failed them as soon as the first day dawned, and the engine began to play tricks on them. When it stopped, they were swept back by a heavy eastward set to within sight of the treetops of Betio; when it started, it carried them barely beyond view of the treetops, only to stop again.

For the better part of a week they toiled to lose the land, but could not. It was as if the Flotsam was fighting their struggle to get her away from her home. The battle lasted until their 12 precious tins of petrol were all consumed.

By then the two girls, terrified, were begging to be put ashore again and the boys were doing all they knew to get them there. But it was too late. Wild weather blew up from the east and north-east; they were driven for five days and nights before it, 400 miles and more deep into the solitudes where no land was. There the wind left them. They lay swooning for uncounted days in the fearful stillness of a sea of oil ablaze under the Equator's savage sun.

They finished their last drop of water. Very quickly one of the girls died. A torrent of rain came, not an hour later, to save her friends, but only for further days and weeks of torture. They thought no more of navigation; the mainsail was draped over the boom for shade; the fore staysail was rigged as a water catchment; only the jib remained standing.

Drifting so, doomed puppets of the winds and currents and blistering calms of the doldrums, they came to the last few pounds of their Navy biscuits.

They were nearly dead on their ration of a crumb or two a day when the Flotsam found her end after 11 weeks at sea, smashed to splinters nearly a thousand miles from home on an island reef in the Banks group.

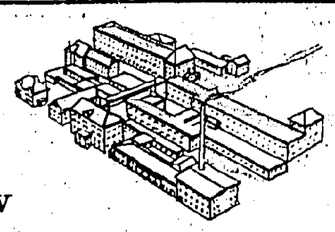
The three survivors were rescued living from the surf, but the girl and Manmau died a few hours later.

Only Kauli, the cause of all these deaths, came through. I never was keen on retributory justice for the simple-minded, but I can't say I much regretted seeing him shut up for three years on his return.

NEXT WEEK: The strange curse of Nakau



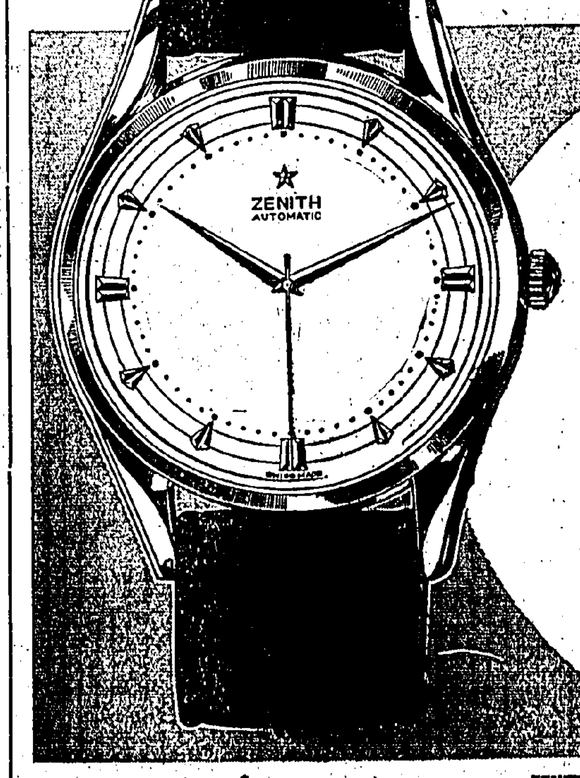
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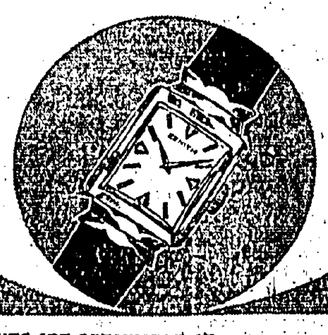




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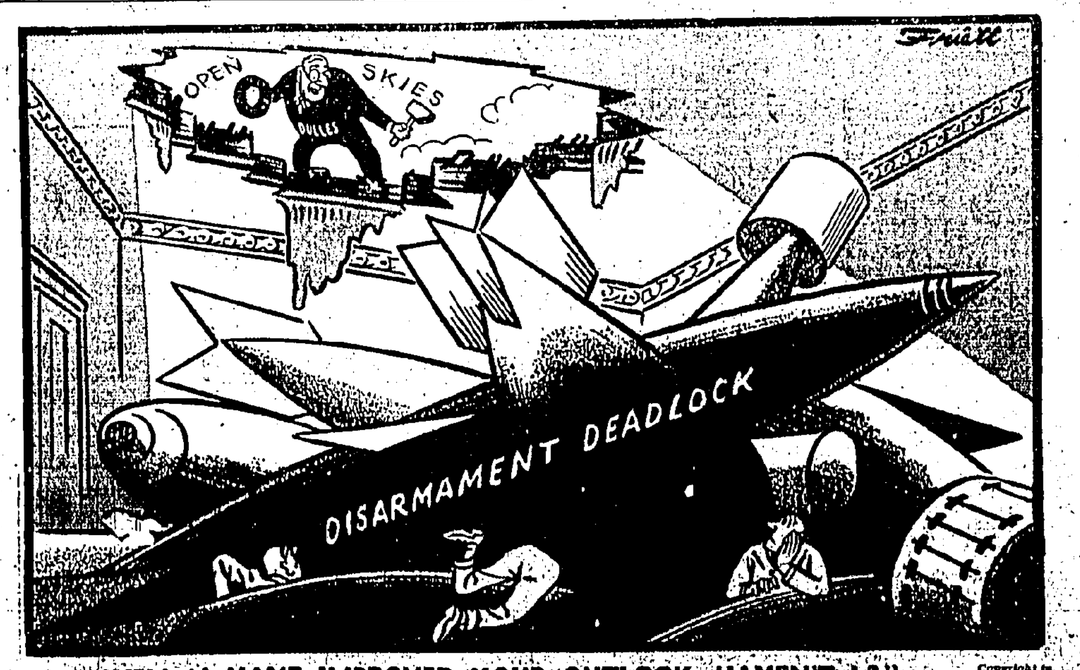


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Hollywood . . . I see it with a sigh



RENE MacCOLL in THE BIG FILM CITY says "The names that made the legend find it tough"

A TENACIOUS little band of elderly millionaires whose photographs once graced the bedroom walls of countless romantic girls all over the world looks like having at last outstayed its long welcome

This group of game but greying warhorses, whose ears automatically prick up at the sound of the challenging command "Lights! Cameras! Action!" includes the historic names of Gary Cooper, James Cagney, James Stewart, Clark Gable, Fred Astaire, and Spencer Tracy.

All six of these stalwarts stopped having to worry about their bank accounts a couple of decades ago. All are in their fifties, and one or two are, as the phrase goes, "pushing sixty."

★ ☆ ★

But the notion that these erstwhile glamour boys should still be asked to play romantic leads at this time of day is one which is meeting with few cheers from the new generation of American moviegoers.

Why, then, don't they retire instead of merely talking about it? (Astaire has "retired" at least twice since the last war.)

The answer is (1) that they don't want to; (2) that Hollywood—which I have never found in so woeful a state of disarray as on this present visit—keeps hoping desperately that by continuing to vamp away diligently on these aged pianos an assured, if diminished, source of income can still be retained, if only from the more venerable of fans.

But lately ugly murmurs of revolt have been heard from teenagers across the land.

☆ ★ ☆

Hollywood had become resigned to the fact of shocking box-office business at the conventional movie theatres for several years past—but the film masters had until now encouraged themselves with the excellent profits to be made from the summertime "drive-in" theatres.

But now this summer comes the ultimate disaster. For the first time business at the drive-ins too has been terrible.

And the fact has to be faced that the latest offerings of the Old Guard are not helping much.

When young Americans of high school and college age see Astaire making love to Audrey Hepburn in "Funny Face," or Cyd Charisse in "Silk Stockings," they are apt to laugh in embarrassment or jeer.

Tracy seems to be coming to terms with fate; his next picture is to be Ernest Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea"—and Tracy doesn't play the sea.

But Gable, the quintessence of glamour for a generation past, has crashed dismally in his latest film "Band of Angels."

He has taken a harsh panning from everyone, and since the story is set in the Old South there are many jabs about how he "looks like Rhett Butler's father." (Gable's most famous triumph was as Rhett Butler in the pre-war classic "Gone With the Wind.")

Well, what is Hollywood doing about this situation? Are promising prospects still being "groomed for stardom"? No, that is out.

★ ☆ ★

Desperate for quick returns and "sure things" in an increasingly cold and difficult world, Hollywood is now seeking the short cut and making overnight "stars" out of juke box voices. In that way they can bank on a "ready-made" market.

The millions of youngsters who have been swooning and screeching over the wall from the box can confidently be expected to flock to see the owner of the wail on the screen—and they do so. Elvis Presley was the first in the field—but the rush is on.

There is Tommy Sands, who used to be in the Presley show and after selling millions of his own records was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox, made "The Singing Idol," and now says: "But I wanna be an actor—a real actor"; Pat Boone (5,000,000 plus records sold) has starred in the film "Bernadine" and now "April Love"; Andy Griffiths, the South Carolina singing teacher, who rose via the jukes to a contract with Warners and who sang in Elia Kazan's recent "Face in the Crowd."

You don't have to know how to act to be a film star nowadays—you just have to know how to sell songs. Sign here, please, make the same sort of noises in front of the camera that you did into the juke box, and bingo—a star is born.

Whether the Booneses, the Griffithses, the Sandses, and the Presleys will still be around on the screen 20 years from now is anyone's guess.

☆ ★ ☆

But in sheer persistence and durability I don't somehow see them surpassing the members of today's good old "Dome Doilcy Club" (domo doilcy is Hollywood for wig).

And I don't really see them doing anything much to restore the old-time Hollywood legend.

It still says "Hollywood" in gigantic white lettering high up on a mountainside above the city, but the huge sign begins to look like some historic relic of another age, like the Long Man of Wilmington in Sussex.

Gone are the imperious Hollywood 'queens," gone the roistering high-living Barrymores and John Gilberts and Valentinos, the personality-packed directors such as Lubitsch and Griffith.

Yes, those middle-aged acting millionaires may creak a bit now and then, and some of their close-ups may be a trifle disconcerting.

But at least they represent something of the Hollywood that used to be, when the big sign up on the mountainside was still a signal for excitement instead of being just a marker for something that has vanished.

A CABLE ARRIVED LATE . . . AND THREE LIVES WERE CHANGED

Sylvia and Fairbanks marry in gilt chairs



THE court in London was packed for young Lord Ashley's divorce action in November 1934. He accused his wife, Sylvia, of misconduct. He named as co-respondent the world's leading film star, Douglas Fairbanks sen. Not unnaturally, the public expected sensation. But they did not get it. For neither Sylvia nor Fairbanks contested the case.

The court was told that Ashley and his wife—the girl from the Midnight Follies whom he had married in 1927 in defiance of parental wrath—had not lived together since 1928. Misconduct was alleged at the Hyde Park Hotel and at South Mimms, where Fairbanks had taken a house while filming in Britain.

From obscurity Sylvia Ashley had won herself a place in the world's headlines by her marriage into the aristocracy. Now an even more sensational event was predicted: her marriage to the world's most talked-of film star, the fabulous, swashbuckling Douglas Fairbanks sen. But Fairbanks had a wife with whom he was much in love. Her name: *Mary Pickford*. And Lady Ashley was still married to an earl's son. . . .

In eight minutes flat Ashley got his divorce . . . with costs against Fairbanks.

After it was all over, Sylvia said:—

"I am very happy. All the horrible worries of the past are now over. In six months' time—when the decree is made absolute—I shall be able to marry whom I choose."

Nobody doubted whom she would choose. If he came back. . . .

Fairbanks, meanwhile, was back in Hollywood, trying desperately to effect a reconciliation with his wife, Mary Pickfora.

But his trip was in vain. Too much had happened. Fairbanks's relationship with Sylvia had become an international scandal.

He had brought with him an expensive diamond bracelet as a reconciliation present — but Mary refused it.

She was shocked by his appearance. The vitality and physical glow were still there . . . but something was gone. His eyes were sunken.

Fairbanks tried hard—but it was no use. Mary refused to be convinced that he had reformed. In the end he gave up . . . and sailed for Europe.

"If Mary doesn't want me," he told a friend, "I know someone who does."

VERY MUCH

SYLVIA wanted him very much. Reunited they sped to Paris; thence to St Moritz.

And they were in St Moritz when Mary Pickford — tears running down her cheeks—went into the Los Angeles Divorce Court to charge Fairbanks with "cruelty, indifference, and neglect." She got an interlocutory decree. It was January 10, 1935.

Four weeks later Sylvia and Douglas set out on a world cruise together.

They planned to go to Hawaii, Tahiti, and other South Sea Islands in a chartered yacht, the Caroline, winding up the tour in the Orient.

CONTINUING THE SYLVIA ASHLEY STORY

by RODERICK MANN

Sylvia was in bubbling mood as they waited to embark on the tender that was to take them down Southampton Water.

But not Fairbanks. As photographers attempted to photograph him he stomped around angrily, shouting: "Keep away or I'll sock you on the nose."

Out of respect for Fairbanks's physical prowess the cameramen stayed at a distance.

If Sylvia was feeling any effects from the hectic events of the past few months she did not show it on the cruise.

MATURED

SINCE meeting Fairbanks she had matured considerably. And under his tutelage her interests had broadened; her tastes improved. She could more than hold her own in conversation on most subjects and when she couldn't she would keep quiet.

Fairbanks considered her very bright. And intelligent.

As the voyage progressed, and the yacht ploughed through the warm seas, Sylvia's spirits soared. She had accomplished more in 10 years than most women do in a lifetime.

She had raised herself from the obscurity of a Paddington back-street to marry a nobleman.

And the most-talked-about film star in the world had fallen in love with her.

Lying on her deckchair under the stars she was content.

The 750-ton Caroline was the last word in luxury. She was air-conditioned, stocked with expensive fishing equipment and guns, and carried six months' supply of provisions.

On deck Fairbanks kept parallel bars, and as the yacht steamed through the Panama Canal he demonstrated his fitness to watchers on the bank by spectacular gymnastics.

DELIGHTED

IT was a fascinating voyage for Sylvia. And an ego-swelling one for Fairbanks.

Everywhere the yacht appeared, other ships blew their hooters.

The natives of some of the islands they visited had never seen a yacht like it. As it approached they would race out to meet it in their canoes, chanting welcome. From the bridge, Fairbanks acknowledged their cries. The ham in him was delighted.

To pass the time away on the cruise, Jack Dunlee (who was on board with his fiancee Benita Hume—later to marry Ronald Colman) had bought several hundred cheap kites.

These were trailed from the stern while the party fired at them with .22 rifles.

However, as the yacht steamed through the Pacific, heading from Honolulu towards Tokyo, Fairbanks began to get restless.

When they reached Singapore, a cablegram was waiting from Mary Pickford. There was trouble at United Artists—of which company both were important members. It was imperative that Fairbanks fly to Hollywood immediately.

He seemed almost glad to get the cable. The next day he and Sylvia booked passages in the Empress of Canada, bound for Vancouver.

From Canada he flew to Hollywood alone.

And there he had disturbing news. Though he was still personally a rich man, his films were no longer making money. *The Private Life of Don Juan*—on which he had banked so much—had proved a flop.

Another thing—he found himself short of ready cash. "I can't understand it," he said.

"This is why," said his accountant. He showed Fairbanks the cost of the four months' cruise. It was more than £20,000.

Douglas was shocked. He left the meeting shaking his head.

A few days later he flew to Quebec to join Sylvia, and together they embarked in the Empress of Britain for Europe.

In Southampton a horde of reporters was waiting for them.

Were they married already? Engaged? What were their plans? Sylvia handled the questions skilfully. "We are certainly not married," she said. "It would be impossible—even if we wished. Mr Fairbanks is not free until next January."

"Will you marry him when he is free?" asked a reporter.

Sylvia laughed gaily, waving a jewelled platinum ring. "Wait and see," she said.

Her immediate plans, she added, were to take the cure at Baden Baden. Yes—Mr Fairbanks would be taking the cure too.

Then, greeted by her adoring sister Vera—now married to London lawyer Basil Bleck—she and Fairbanks sped away into the English countryside.

TO PARIS

THEY spent the rest of the year together. . . . London, Paris, the Riviera, Budapest.

But it was clear to all Fairbanks's friends that the actor was still loth to make the final break with Mary.

And, sure enough, January 1936 found him back in Hollywood—pleading with Mary not to accept the final divorce papers.

"I know we can be happy again, Hipper," he said—using his pet name for her. "This has all been a stupid mistake. We'll go away together—to Switzerland . . . anywhere you want. We'll be happy . . ."

This was no longer the confident, swashbuckling Fairbanks. Here he was a sad, dissipated man.

A friend, knowing that Mary still loved Fairbanks very much, pleaded his cause for him. But Mary's mind was made up.

"I no longer have the right to take him back," she said. "What I knew personally about Douglas was one thing. But now the whole world has been brought in on it."

Fairbanks, realising he was beaten, left for New York.

A few days later he embarked for Europe. His son, Douglas jun., saw him off—then went round to the Waldorf to pick up any late messages.

The clerk apologised. A cable for Fairbanks sen. had been put in the wrong box. Young Doug opened it and found it was from Mary—indicating her willingness to be reconciled. She had changed her mind.

Douglas jun. telephoned his father at sea. It was too late.

"I've already phoned Sylvia and asked her to marry me," said Fairbanks.

Fairbanks thought he and Sylvia would be able to get married in Paris immediately.

But it was not so easy.

After a day spent rushing from one official to another, he learned that the French marriage laws required three weeks' residence.

BAD OMEN

HE went to the American Consulate, the British Consulate, and a number of town halls—but still could not cut the rigid French red tape.

He pleaded that he wanted to leave at once for China to make a film, taking Sylvia with him.

The officials remained unimpressed. Then someone suggested he visit Maitre Suzanne Blum, daughter of Leon Blum, the then Socialist leader, and one of the cleverest French women lawyers.

"All you've got to do is ask for a special licence," she said.

They raced to the Attorney-General's office at the Palais de Justice.

"Have you both got documentary proof of your divorces?" asked the clerk. Sylvia hadn't.

A messenger was rushed to London to obtain the necessary papers, and by March 6 all obstacles had been cleared away.



● At a London charity event Sylvia Ashley (back to the camera) chats to the Duke of Kent (father of the present Duke). Right centre: Mrs. Archie Campbell, Sylvia's friend from her show days.

Next day, at the Mairie of the 8th Arrondissement sitting in huge gilt chairs under a ceiling of floating, pink-fleshed cupids, 51-year-old Fairbanks and 31-year-old Sylvia were married.

The small crowd outside the Mairie cheered as the couple left, Sylvia carrying an enormous bunch of orchids.

But a policeman holding the crowd back shook his head.

"On the way here her 'car collided with a taxi-cab. It is a bad omen. You will see. . . ."

'JUST GREAT'

THE marriage was an unqualified success.

Fairbanks adored his slim, attractive wife: Sylvia, in turn, worshipped her swarthy, handsome husband.

Two weeks after their wedding they enlarged upon their happiness at a conference held in their flower-decked suite at the Dorchester Hotel.

"What a honeymoon!" said Fairbanks. "Great: just great! We hardly stayed in the same place two nights in succession. We took in all the east coast of Spain, then struck inland to Seville and Madrid.

"It was wonderful. Really wonderful. We are both tremendously happy."

And they looked it.

"Would Lady Ashley sign an autograph?" asked a waiter.

"Certainly not," rapped Douglas. "But Mrs Fairbanks will."

Two weeks later they flew to New York and Hollywood to begin what was to prove the happiest period of Sylvia's life.

And there they gave this news to Lady Terrington—

"In the past few years we have had about as much privacy as a fantailed goldfish. Now it is our earnest desire to live a married life unmarred by publicity."

Lady Terrington noted that Sylvia was wearing "several thousand pounds' worth of diamonds and appeared very happy. . . ."

In Hollywood, life seemed golden for them.

They moved into Fairbanks's Santa Monica beach house, and all his friends came down to meet Sylvia.

They were impressed. She struck them as warm, gracious, and charming. Hollywood social leaders found her fresh and stimulating. She was a success from the start.

The Fairbankses entertained lavishly, and Sylvia worked tremendously hard to create a pleasant atmosphere in the home. She even learned to play his favourite game—golf.

Fairbanks knew his career was finished, that he was a has-been, and occasionally he showed it with black moods of depression. But to most people he put on the front of a happy man. . . . a man with money, a beautiful young wife, freedom to indulge his hobbies—and good health.

They travelled and entertained ceaselessly. . . . Palm Beach, New York, London, Paris. They bought a house in London—99, Park Lane. They travelled by airship, the Hindenburg. . . . they visited the Olympics. . . . they went to the air races.

They spent money like water.

GLOOM

SOMETIMES, however, Fairbanks's depressions and sense of futility alarmed his friends.

When Mary Pickford announced her engagement to Charles "Buddy" Rogers he was depressed for several days.

And the deaths of their friends Lord and Lady Plunket—killed in an air-crash only a few hours after visiting Douglas and Sylvia—plunged Fairbanks into further gloom.

"For me," he told his son one night, "it would have proved a blessing. There's nothing I haven't done at least twice. Now I look upon death as the only challenge."

A month or so later, he was back on form. There were more trips abroad—golfing with the Duke of Windsor on the Riviera; visiting Venice, where Fairbanks plunged fully clothed into the Grand Canal to rescue his dog Marco Polo who had fallen in.

But inevitably, in Hollywood, the day came when Sylvia and Mary Pickford met.

By an oversight, all three of them had been invited to the same cocktail party.

As soon as Mary entered the house, a friend came over:—

I INSIST

"THEY'RE here, Mary—the two of them."

Fairbanks and Sylvia were in the dining-room. Mary was in the living-room.

The atmosphere was electric.

Eventually Mary could stand it no longer. She went into the dining-room.

Fairbanks, seeing her for the first time, went pale. Detaching himself from his friends, he came towards her.

"Hipper. . . .!"

"I want you to introduce us," Mary said.

"Mary, I can't do that. You know I can't do that."

Mary Pickford's eye narrowed.

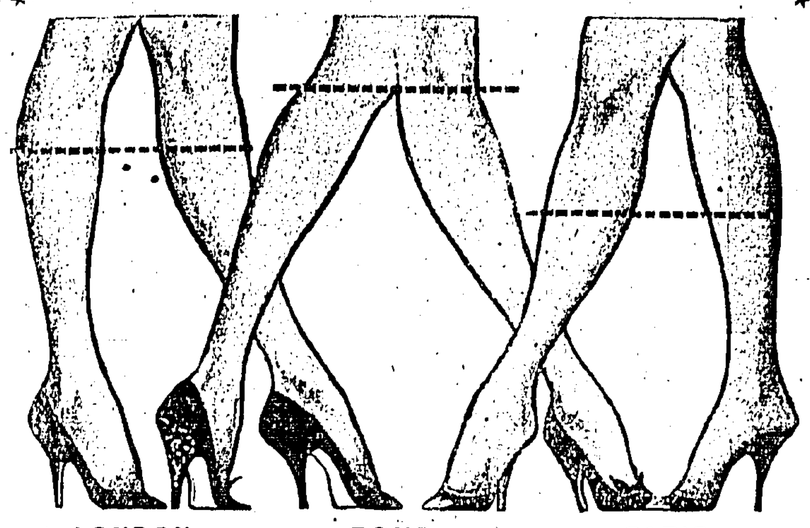
"I insist," she said. . . .

NEXT WEEK:

From Star to Star

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Now Dior has his say on HOW LONG THE SKIRT



LONDON
Decreed by JOHN CAVANAGH—skirt 16" from the ground.

ROME
Decreed by SIMONETTA —show a leg, skirt 19" from the ground.

PARIS
Decreed by DIOR —as you were, skirt 15" from the ground.

THE perennial problem of how long you wear your skirt:—Now—and only now—is it possible to give a balanced report on what the fashion-fixers say.

Most of the big names in the three big centres of fashion say SHORTER . . . but the other day Dior—the always-awaited Dior—said NOT SHORTER FOR ME.

Phoning from Paris my colleague JOY MATTHEWS reported. . . .

There are two vividly contrasting Dior looks—the DAY LOOK and the NIGHT LOOK.

BY DAY it's the "SPINDLE LINE"....discreet, no waist and the stay-put 15in.-from-the-ground skirt.

BY NIGHT it's daring, bosomy, plunge-necklines, waists back with a whistle . . . almost an eighteenth-century revival, complete with bouffant skirts.

Men might not like the severity of the Day Look—but I do. Hippy girls will be happy; the bulging waistlines can disappear and they can wear slim dresses again.

The Spindle Line does NOT mean elongated shirt dresses. They have a masterly cut which gives them a subtle shape, narrow at the shoulders and curving gently at the hem.

DRESSES: Mostly in bulky tweeds. Many had matching jackets.

SUITS: Skirts mostly insignificant, but one or two full with big knife pleats. Sleeves very narrow, mostly set in off the shoulder.

TOP COATS: Again the Spindle Line, shoulders rather narrow, lots of thick tweed and velour. Surprisingly little fur.

EVENING DRESSES: The bosomy look. Cocktail dresses even have a V in the front of the bosom that curves away so that the matching rose cut in between is functional rather than decorative.

HATS: Lots of Brittany Bretons, worn slightly to one side. Some bowlers and little pork pies in tweeds to match suits.

COLOURS: Lots of black by day, reds, blues, and greens for evening.

The drawing by Robb

Strange Items Find Their Way Into Children's Stomachs

New York.

JUST name it, and a child will swallow it.

As a result, each year 500 children under the age of five die from household poisoning; untold numbers more suffer injury, and often permanent disabling.

In an effort to prevent this loss of life or injury, 32 poison control centres today operate in various cities around the nation. One of the first centres, and a pattern for many of the others, is the one operating as part of New York City's health department.

It was founded at the request of local medical societies who wanted an information clearing house; a place where parents, doctors and hospitals could get speedy information on the chemical content, and the danger involved, when junior ate or drank something not meant for a small tummy.

NOT POISONOUS BUT FATAL

Director of the New York centre is Dr. Harold Jacobziner, assistant health commissioner; chief chemist and technical director is Harry Rayburn.

"Some of the items dangerous to a child aren't poisons in the true sense," Rayburn explained. "But they still can be fatal." He explained that anything containing petroleum oils was risky because if a child got any in his lungs, there was danger of irritation and pneumonia.

Talk to these two men and you wonder why the death toll annually isn't above their figure of 500. They have records of children gulping everything from heavy amounts of whisky (the child died) to a bottle of perfume (the child recovered).

The New York centre handles an average of 500 cases a month. Most frequent calls ask for advice on a dose of aspirin or household bleach, Rayburn said. But lead poisoning is the one which worries the centre the most, because it so frequently is fatal.

IF IT'S NOT FOOD, KEEP IT AWAY

"It kills more children than polio in this city," said the medical director. "Eight deaths already this year."

Jacobziner said most paint manufacturers now use only a minute—and safe—amount of lead in paints.

"But the old coats underneath can kill....just from a child chewing on a window sill or eating painted plaster," said Jacobziner.

While I was talking with the two, a panicky mother called with the news her small son had gulped some mothballs. "Will they hurt him?" she asked.

Rayburn tried to calm her while also trying to find the brand of the mothball. He explained later that if he knew the brand name, he could determine whether it contained naphthalene or paradichlorbenzene. The mother was to call him back.

"Naphthalene is the dangerous one," Rayburn explained. "But we'd just as soon kids didn't make ANY mothballs part of their regular diet."

Rayburn said other potentially dangerous items which find their way into children's stomachs include insecticides, detergents, shoe polish, lighter fluid, the caustics such as lye, furniture polish, turpentine, liniments, drugs meant for grown-ups only, kerosene, machine oil, solvents, and even those liquids which are meant for blowing bubbles.

"Our advice to parents is—if it isn't food, keep it away from the children," said Bayburn.

"ONIONS" BECOME HYACINTH BULBS

The centre's emergency work is not without its lighter side. One of its steadiest customers is the mother of a small boy, who has a knack for eating the wrong thing. His latest "diet" —the interior of one of those snow-scene paper weights. The centre said the contents were harmless.

It also has in its files the case of the doctor's daughter who called to say the "onions" she put in a soup turned out to be hyacinth bulbs. "Go ahead and eat the soup if it tastes good," the centre told her.

"I will," she said. "I hate to waste that big chunk of meat I had added."—United Press.



Left: This smart cloche of green moie skin is from Jean Patou's autumn-winter collection. Designed for day wear, it perches on the back of the head. The grosgrain band is of the same colour.
Right: An original cocktail hat of black velvet from Marie-Christiane's new collection. It has a high crown and is held on to the head with a chin strap. — Agence France-Presse.

DISC JOCKEY DEFENDS ROCK'N'ROLL MUSIC

New York.

WHEN people ask me what rock'n'roll is doing to the younger generation, I always say, "it's making them happy!"

It's making me happy, too.

Because I know that their music — and make no mistake about it, the kids discovered rock'n'roll and it belongs to them — is giving them a powerful interest that is working against juvenile delinquency.

Sure, I'm making my living in rock'n'roll music. But my wife and I have two boys and two girls and naturally, we're interested as any parents in the welfare of youngsters.

Unfortunately, many parents don't understand the importance of rock'n'roll to their teenage offspring. The kids feel that it's new, it's theirs and something they understand and enjoy. A healthy, wholesome way to get rid of excess energy. The kids are just as much a part of it as the performers.

You'll see what I mean when you tune in "The Big Beat" on ABC-TV. rock 'n' roll audiences, loving the music, are really part of the show.

In looking back to my own teenage years, I recall how enthralled I was with swing, with Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Harry James. Maybe today's teenagers are more enthusiastic about their music. Maybe it just seems that way because I'm older now. But obviously, every generation has its own music.

I sincerely believe that no music is immoral. When a youngster starts out listening to music, any sort of music, he is in effect whetting his appetite for culture, leading him, as some surveys indicate, to an interest in opera and the classics.

Teenagers are identifying themselves with rock'n'roll more closely, I believe than with any recent movement in music. Many performers are teenagers. For example: Franky Lyman and the teenagers.

WHY THEY LOVE IT

And the songs themselves reflect the problems of teenagers. "White sports coat and a pink carnation" is a story of a young man who is sad because the girl he likes is going to the prom with someone else. It's easy to see why the kids love rock'n'roll. It's for them, about them and with them.

Perhaps, after all, some of their elders don't understand rock'n'roll because they're no longer teenagers.

What will happen when today's teenagers become the older generation?

Probably history will repeat itself and there'll be a new music form to replace rock'n'roll, just as swing was replaced.

But rock'n'roll has become so strong I doubt if it'll ever completely pass away. Like the classic swing tunes, the best of rock'n'roll will become part of our musical heritage.

And the kids will be responsible for it.—United Press.



"Balalaika", a cocktail in of turquoise lame from Gilbert Orcel. —Agence France-Presse.

From Wrist To Elbow —*ANYTHING GOES*

By VERONICA PAPWORTH

London.

"OPULENT, princely looking jewels of finely cut crystal, large strands of multi-coloured beads, huge rhinestones," wrote Helena Rubenstein to me—reporting from Paris on the new trends in jewellery.

So I went out and about to see how easy it would be for you and me to follow these trends.



Reading from wrist to elbow . . . baguette-cut, topaz-coloured cuff linen-textured surface on gilt plaques three rows of river pearls gilt oak leaves, pearls and "black diamonds" topaz-coloured stones, baguette-cut with rhinestones.

I found that, as often happens, America has anticipated Paris—and I met one of London's most important "junk" jewellery buyers, Miss Irene Parkes—just back from a trip to the States.

(Pause to explain that the term "junk jewellery" is used for all non-precious stuff. But even "punk" can be pretty expensive.)

• •

"BIBS AND DRAPES," said Miss Parkes—"that's what they call these necklaces in America. They're wild about them—wear them all day and every day—six or more rows of scrambled beads, varying in texture and depth of colour, are almost a uniform.

"I tell you—the first few days I was there I'd look at myself before leaving the hotel and I'd think 'no,' you're underdressed, you've simply got to put on some more jewellery. And back I'd go for another little load.

"Enormous earrings too—even with swim suits they wear them.

"As for the men—their latest fad is a square gilt initial plaque on a leather cord—instead of a tie.

"We'll stock a few of them because I think we should show them — but I doubt if they'll 'catch on' as a fashion over here.

"Our men are a little too conservative . . . don't you agree?"

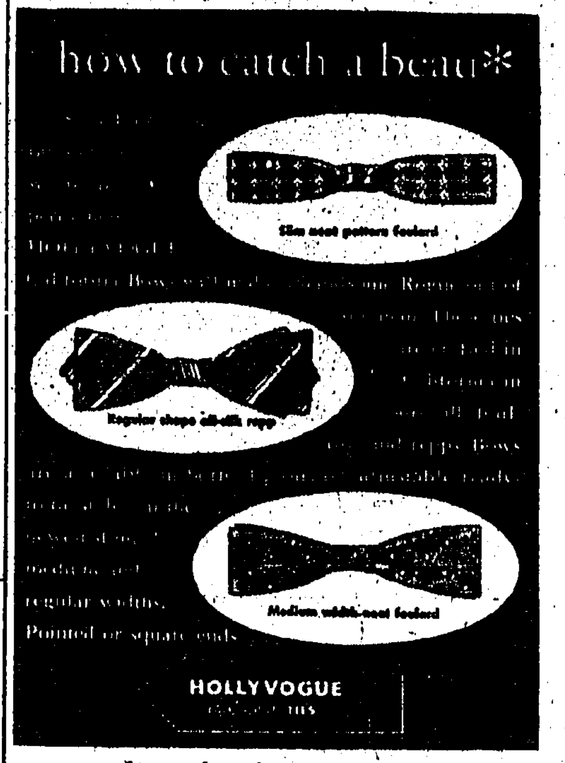
I said I did — and nearly chicked over the thought of my old man in a locket.

"Of course the women's BRACELETS beat everything," said Miss Parkes warming to her story. "In England we'd think two a bit much. They load themselves with six or more—'Continental Cuffs' they call them — mixing gold and silver, rhinestones and even pearls—anything goes."

Remembering a recent account of Sylvia Ashley dazzling society when she first appeared "with diamond bracelets reaching almost from wrist to elbow," I asked Miss Parkes to make me up a typical armful.

I've sketched the blinding result.

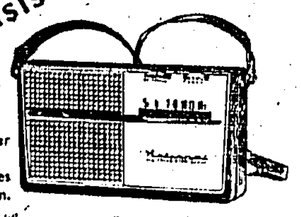
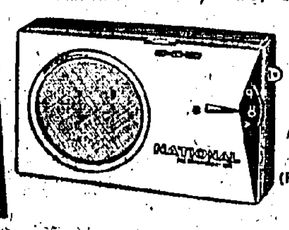
—(London Express Service).



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CARE parcels have become a feature in the lives of a lot of poor people. These (above and right) are part of half a million parcels being handed out in small lots to selected families in distributions every day.

LEFT: Seen at a reception to open new showrooms in Man Yee Building, from left—Mr A. F. di Grotallo (Consul-General for Italy), Mr P. Hiller, and Mr Piero Brassi.

BELOW: Neck in plaster, the acting Director of Medical Services and Mrs G. Graham-Cumming welcome Sir Harry Wunderly, Director of the TB division of the Australian Department of Health, and Lady Wunderly at Kai Tak. (Staff Photographer)





LEFT: Mr D. R. W. Alexander (right), retiring Chief Staff Officer of the Civil Aid Services and Mr F. M. Rowlands who is replacing him, are seen at a CAS party

BELOW: Citizenship complications in Vietnam—so 245 students passed through in five charter planes bound for the Universities of Formosa.

BELOW:

This most unseasonable picture was taken in Happy Valley where members of the Hongkong Football Club have already started limbering up for the 57-58 soccer season. (Staff Photographer)





Mr Howard Chin of New York and Martina Yu at St Teresa's.



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Mr Tse Yu-chuen, President of the St Paul's Old Boys' Association, with the headmaster Major and Mrs E. G. Stewart and members of the committee at a recent function when $1,000 were contributed to the Bishop's Jubilee Appeal Fund. (Staff Photographer)

Mother and guests are seen at the joint party for Deborah (3) and Jeannette Wyatt (1) who shared their birthdays, if not their presents. (Mainland Studios)



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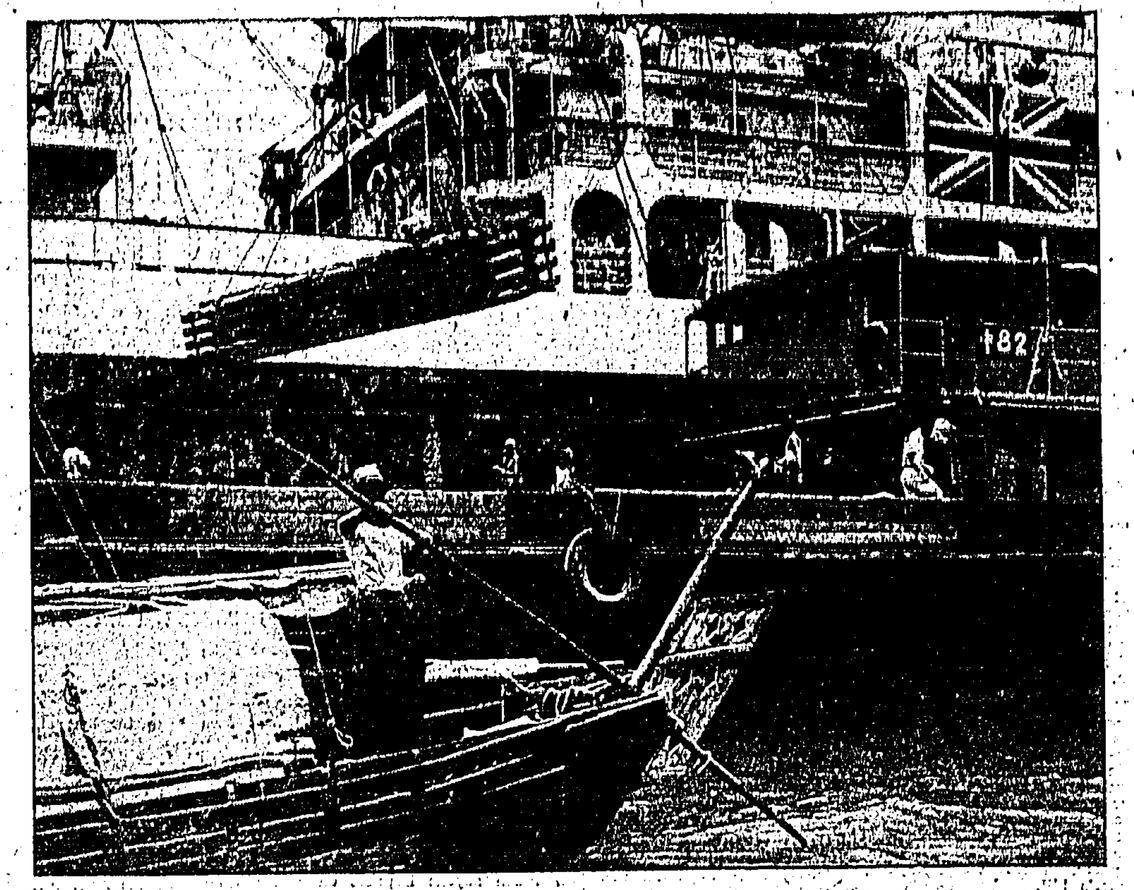




Above and left . . . Miss P. Adarkar, daughter of the Commissioner for India, is seen with friends at a farewell party at the Commissioner's residence in Cooper Road. The departure of her two bright eyes from Hongkong was one of the most serious losses this picture page has had to face in recent months. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Another old stager slips away from Blake Pier on his home leave prior to retirement . . . Mr H. G. Sherriff, Acting Superintendent of Sanitary Services. (Staff Photographer)



One can hardly say that life begins to stir afresh at the ever busy Holt's Wharf. But in a way that is what is happening as 44 Austin trucks swing down the derricks from Blue Funnel's "Diomed," and Hongkong's role as an entrepot gets into gear again. (Staff Photographer)



Mr Young Kan with his bride, Pauline Li Pik-shun who is a sister at the Nethersole Hospital. They are seen after their wedding at the Hop Yat Church, and just before a reception at the Gloucester.



At a Latin-American tea dance, the Spanish-American Society of Hongkong said goodbye to their founder President the Consul-General for Panama Mr Mario Guillen before his departure. From left . . . Dr Alfred Pavot, Miss Vilma Chuoy, and Mr and Mrs Guillen. (Staff Photographer)
BELOW: Recent arrival in the States . . . Robert Liu shows off his new cooking arrangements.



At Roxary Church . . . Lieutenant David Richard Weedon of the Royal Signals and Maria Fernando de Menezes Rodrigues. (Staff Photographer)







Above and right . . . "Mambo at Sea" when the General Investment Company invested in a pleasure cruise around the harbour with film actresses Grace Chang (with maraccas); Lam Chei (singing); and Ting Hou (helping herself, and blow the figure, like a sensible girl should do.) (Staff Photographer)

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THE SILENT SERVANT FROM A TEST TUBE

By BARBARA GRIGGS

THE Victorian maid-of-all-work rose at dawn to struggle through her toil, ate three square meals daily, and cost a weekly wage. Today's maid-of-all-work came out of a test tube, never mentions a pay packet, and does not demand so much as a cup of tea.

Today's silent servant is nylon, the most willing and pleasing servant any housewife was ever lucky enough to have. If your bathroom curtains are made of nylon, you can take them down, wash them, hang them up again five hours later, and never give a thought to an iron.

If your sheets are made of nylon you can take them off the beds in the morning, wash and drip-dry them, sleep in them again the same evening, and never blench at a laundry bill. If your cushions are covered with nylon you can slip off the covers, dunk and dry them, and have them on again in time for a party. There won't be a cleaner's bill.

Soon we shall have blankets that can be washed and hung out to dry, and they will stay as soft and fluffy as the day they first came out of their wrapping paper.

☆ ★ ☆

☆ SAID the buyer of a London store in Victoria to me: "We began selling nylon sheets two years ago.

"Lots of our customers then turned up their noses at them. But once they had tried them they couldn't get enough, and kept coming back for more."

One of the biggest firms finds it cannot keep pace with the demand.

"Our sales this year are five times what they were last year—and still going up. One hotel in Weston-super-Mare bought some of our sheets a year ago to try, and they were so pleased with their dwindling laundry bills that now all their sheets are nylon.

"There's a washing machine on every floor of the hotel, and they have cut their prices.

"We should like to try more colours and experiment with decoration, but we're too busy keeping up with our orders."

☆ ON the way are heavier-weight nylon sheets. One firm told me that by the end of the year they will be selling a new kind of sheet made of woven nylon.

"We've been working on them for months," said director Kenneth Howarth, "and now we've managed to produce a nylon sheet that has the weight of good quality cotton.

"They won't slither round and give that feeling of sleeping between petticoats, and they are free from any unpleasant clamminess too."

☆ ★ ☆

For the old-fashioned brigade that gets nightmares at the though of nylon sheets there are now sheets made of cotton with nylon blended unobtrusively into them. They're so tough that the firm selling them guarantees them for 20 years.

Interior decorator and designer Michael Inchbald finds nylon turning up all over the flats he decorates.

"I use nylon taffeta for lots of gay cushions—nothings worse than slightly grimy cushions—and nylon slip covers can be washed as often as you please. I've used nylon fur-fabric for cushions too. The wonderful thing about it is that it's snow white.

"In a basement flat that I'm decorating I've used quantities of nylon net for the curtains. It's a small, rather severe room with its back to the sun, so I've done it in white, pink, and grey, with touches of lime green.

"I wanted a deep pink net to loop round the window, and I found a nylon net exactly the right colour which I draped to floor-length each side. The light gives it a translucent look and it can be taken down and washed in minutes.

"In my own flat I have two enormously long rooms. One of them is a bedroom, and I'm thinking of making the bedcovers of nylon taffeta.

"Then if we want to use the bedroom as an extra drawing-room the beds will look like couches, and if people sit on them the covers won't be a mass of creases."

☆ ANOTHER designer, Stanley Peters, used nylon fur for the bathroom of a super-luxury flat. He decorated the walls with dark brown and gilt lacquer, gilded the taps, and covered the floor and the antique chairs with nylon tiger-skin—proof against the splashiest of bathers.

The prettiest bathroom I ever saw was white and black with gentian blue tiles, and the curtains and chair covers were made of gentian blue nylon taffeta.

☆ NEXT on the list: children-proof upholstery fabrics. Austin Farrell, manager of a big Manchester firm, told me of months of research that have resulted in a tough new blended upholstery fabric.

It has enormous durability, it's absolutely mothproof, can't fade, and won't give, no matter how much anyone bounces on it.

☆ ★ ☆

☆ MOST tantalising tale for the tired housewife was of the American all-nylon carpets that are mothproof, fadeless, washable, and practically unwear-outable. Now a few firms in Britain are beginning cautious experiments.

Already you can buy carpets with nylon blended into them to scare the moths away.

And I have been shown samples of all-nylon Wilton carpeting that sells for about the same price as ordinary worsted. It won't fade, it has years and years of wear in it, and when it gets dirty you can scrub out the stains on the spot.

Soon those enormous bills from the laundry and the cleaners will be as old-fashioned as the flat-iron. Yesterday's housewife had to pay more and more for servants who were harder and harder to find. Today the silent servants get better and better—and it's the housewife who gets the raise.

JUMPER WITH ROLL COLLAR



MATERIALS: 4 ozs. Sirdar Majestic Wool, 2 ply, 1 pair Knitting Needles, No. 12. A medium sized Crochet Hook.

MEASUREMENTS: Width all round at underarm—36 inches. Length from top of shoulder—18 inches.

ABBREVIATIONS: K., knit; p., purl; sts. stitches; tog., together; sl.1 slip one stitch knitways; st.st. stocking stitch (1 row knit, 1 row purl), t.b.l. through back of loops, wl.fwd, wool forward, w.r.n. wool round needle, d.c. double crochet.

TENSION: The tension for this garment is 9 sts. to 1 inch.

THE BODICE (Back And Front Both Alike)

Cast on 129 sts.

1st row: Sl. 1, k.1, * p.1, k1, repeat from * to the last st., k.1.

2nd row: Sl. 1, * p.1, k.1, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows 17 times.

Proceed as follows:—

1st row: Sl.1, k.7, * increase once in the next st., k 13, repeat from * to the last 9 sts., increase once in the next st., k.8. (138 sts.)

2nd row: Sl.1, purl to the last st., k.1.

3rd row: Sl.1, knit to end of row.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows twice then the 2nd row once.

Continue in st.st. increasing once at each end of the next and every following 8th row until there are 154 sts. on the needle.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 12 inches from the commencement, ending on the wrong side of the work.

Proceed as follows:—

1st, 3rd and 5th rows: Sl.1, knit to end of row.

2nd row: Sl.1 k.11, purl to the last 12 sts., k.12.

4th row: Sl.1, k.12, purl to the last 13 sts., k.13.

6th row: Sl.1, k.13, purl to the last 14 sts., k.14.

Shape The Armholes

Next row: Cast off 10 sts., knit to the last 10 sts., cast off 10 sts. Break off the wool.

Rejoin the wool to the wrong side of the work and proceed as follows:—

1st row: K.4, purl to the last 4 sts., k.4.

2nd row: Sl.1, k.3, k.2 tog. t.b.l., knit to the last 6 sts., k.2 tog., k.4.

3rd row: S.1, k.3, p.2 tog., purl to the last 6 sts., p.2 tog. t.b.l., k.4.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows 6 times. (106 sts.)

Shape The Neck

Next row: Sl. 1, k, 41, cast off 22 sts., knit to end of row, turn.

Working on the first 42 sts. only, proceed as follows:—

1st row: Sl.1, k.3, purl to the last st., k.1.

2nd row: K.2 tog., knit to end of row.

3rd row: Sl.1, k.3, purl to the last 2 sts., k.2 tog.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows 4 times. (32 sts.)

12th row: K.2 tog., knit to end of row.

13th row: Sl.1, k.3, purl to the last st., k.1.

Repeat the 12th and 13th rows 19 times. (12 sts.)

Cast off.

With the wrong side of the work facing, rejoin the wool to the inside edge of the remaining 42 sts. and proceed as follows:—

1st row: K.1, purl to the last 4 sts., k.4.

2nd row: Sl.1, knit to the last 2 sts., k.2 tog.

3rd row: K. 2 tog., purl to the last 4 sts., k.4.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows 4 times. (32 sts.).

12th row: Sl.1, knit to the last 2 sts., k.2 tog.

13th row: Sl.1, purl to the last 4 sts., k.4.

Repeat the 12 and 13th rows 19 times. (12 sts.)

Cast off.

THE YOKE

Cast on 23 sts.

1st row: Sl.1, k.1, (wl.fwd., k.2 tog.) 3 times, wl.fwd., knit to end of row.

2nd row: Sl.1, k.2, purl to the last 2 sts., k.2.

3rd row: Sl.1, k.1, (wl.fwd., k. 2 tog) 3 times, wl.fwd., k.16.

4th row: Sl.1, k.2, purl to the last 2 sts., k.2.

5th row: Sl.1, k.1, (wl.fwd., k.2 tog.) 3 times, w.r.n., purl to the last 3 sts. k.3.

6th row: Sl.1, knit to the last 8 sts., p.6, k.2.

7th row: Sl.1, k.1, (wl.fwd., k.2 tog.) 10 times, wl.fwd., k.4.

8th row: Sl.1, knit to end of row.

9th row: Cast off 4 sts., k.1, (wl.fwd., k.2 tog.) 3 times, w.r.n., purl to the last 3 sts., k.3.

Repeat from the 2nd to the 9th row (inclusive) once then from the 2nd to the 4th row (inclusive) once.

21st row: Sl.1, k.1, (wl.fwd., k.2 tog.) 3 times, w.r.n., purl to the last 3 sts. turn.

22nd row: Knit to the last 8 rows, p.6, k.2.

23rd row: Sl.1, k.1, (wl.fwd., k.2 tog.) 10 times, wl.fwd., k.4.

24th row: Sl.1, knit to end of row.

25th row: Cast off 4 sts., k.1, (wl.fwd., k.2 tog.) 3 times, w.r.n., purl to the last 3 sts., turn.

26th row: Purl to the last 2 sts., k.2.

27th row: Sl.1, k.1, (wl.fwd., k.2 tog.) 3 times, wl.fwd., k.16.

28th row: Sl.1, k.2 purl to the last 2 sts., k.2.

29th row: Sl.1, k.1, (wl.fwd., k.2 tog.) 3 times, w.r.n., purl to the last 3 sts., turn.

30th row: Knit to the last 8 sts., p.6, k.2.

31st row: Sl.1, k.1 (wl.fwd., k.2 tog.) 10 times, wl.fwd., k.4.

32nd row: Sl.1, knit to en of row.

33rd row: Cast off 4 sts., k.1, (wl.fwd., k.2 tog.) 3 times, w.r.n., purl to the last 3 sts., k.3.

34th row: Sl.1, k.2, purl to the last 2 sts., k.2.

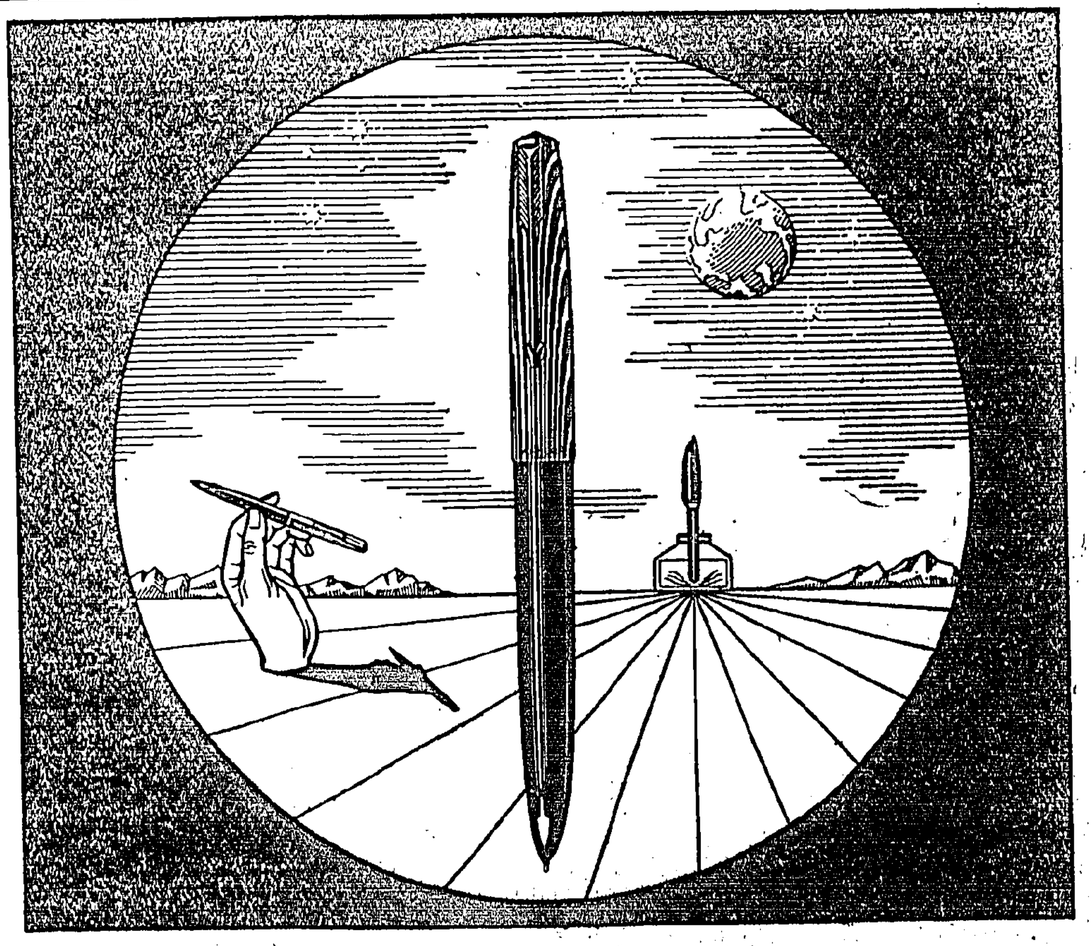
35th row: Sl.1, k.1, (wl.fwd., k2 tog.) 3 times, wl. fwd, k.16.

36th row: Sl.1, k.1, purl to the last 2 sts., k.2.

Repeat from the 21st to the 36th row (inclusive) 21 times, from 5th to the 9th row (inclusive) once then from the 2nd to the 8th row (inclusive) once. Cast off purlways.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately on the wrong side under a damp cloth with a hot iron. Sew up the side and shoulder seams. Sew the ends of the Yoke together then placing the Joke seam to a shoulder seam and the shaped edge to the bodice neck sew in position all round the neck. Using a medium sized Crochet Hook work 1 row of d.c. through the seam all round the neck edge. Press all seams.



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Hints for the Homemaker

By HILLARY WENTWORTH

1. Use a glass jar for storing buttons; the required button can be easily seen.
2. To preserve the gloss on a French polished table, cut a piece of floor-felting the exact size of the table top and spread it under the tablecloth.
3. Coffee and tea stains on carpets or materials may be removed by rubbing with glycerine and then removing the glycerine with methylated spirits.
4. When brewing coffee add a pinch of salt and mustard; this improves the flavour.
5. Never leave peeled or cut onions in cold water to soak, as it will draw out the flavour.
6. Brown sugar is less inclined to become lumpy when stored in a tightly sealed jar.
7. Custard pies are best when cooled on a cake rack. This prevents the lower crust from steaming after the pie is done.
8. Tacking threads will not slide or shake out of slippery materials such as nylon or silk, if you use a fine darning wool.
9. Rub both sides of your glass lenses gently with a dry cake of soap. Then polish with a dry cloth. The glasses will remain clear and will not "fog."
10. Dip peeled bananas into lemon juice to prevent them from discolouring.
11. A tape measure is handy when you are sewing with your machine. Stick one along the top of the base of the machine, then varnish it over to keep it in position.
12. Perfume deteriorates in the light. Keep it in the dark, in its gift box or in a drawer, and be sure the bottles are tightly stoppered.
13. When fitting a dress to a child, use safety pins in place of ordinary pins. They will not slip, no matter how the child may wriggle and squirm.
14. Use three-ply wool for darning blankets and, afterwards, fluff up the darn with a piece of fine emery paper.

Black And White Chignon Cap



MATERIALS: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.) 1 ball selected colour. 3¾ yds (3 M., 43 cm.) of White Lace, ¾ in. (.9 cm.) wide. ½yd (45.6 cm.) of round elastic. Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3.

TENSION: 5 rows = 1 in. (2.5 cm.)

ABBREVIATIONS: ch—chain; ss — slip stitch; dc — double crochet; tr—treble.

DIRECTIONS

Commence with 4 ch.

1st Row: 9 tr into 4th ch from hook, 1 ss into top of starting ch.

2nd Row: 3 ch, 1 tr into same place as starting ch, 2 tr into each tr, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

3rd Row: 3 ch, * 2 tr into next tr (one tr increased), 1 tr into next tr; repeat from * ending with 2 tr into next tr, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

4th Row: 3 ch, 1 tr into each tr, increasing 11 tr all round, having increases fall directly over previous increases, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

5th to 15th Row: As 4th row.

16th to 21st Row: 3 ch, 1 tr into each tr, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

22nd Row: 1 ch, working over elastic, make 1 dc into each tr, 1 ss into first dc. Fasten elastic to fit. Fasten off.

To Make Up

Cut 10 pieces of lace each 11 in. (28 cm.) long and 1 piece 13 in. (33 cm.) long. Gather to measure 7 in. (18 cm.). Sew each 11 in. (28 cm.) length evenly to measure 5 in. (12.7 cm.) and pin to cap in a spiral line from centre to outer edge. Gather 13 in. (33 cm.) length Sew lace in place. 2 in. (5 cm) into a circle for rosette. Pin rosette to centre of cap, then pin remaining 5 in. (12.7 cm) in spiral line to edge.

NEWS FROM BRITAIN

Britain Is Short On Managers

By Les Armour

THE economists seemed last week to be in as much of a lather as the politicians. There seemed to be some sort of agreement to the effect that Englishmen are producing too little, consuming too much, conducting their industrial wars with too much fervour and their production battles with too little.

Some blamed the wicked trade unions who were suspected of conducting a plot to bring down the government; others blamed the horrid capitalists, living fatly on expense accounts while the pensioner's pittance dwindled and faded.

Still others, more detached academic men, thought there was some strange, almost mystical force about which made it impossible to run the economy at full speed without automatically inducing inflation. But the consequences of running at less than full tilt were agreed to involve unemployment and everybody agreed that that was politically unthinkable.

Meanwhile, the Action Society Trust was doing some long-range research into the causes of lost time in industry.

Waste, it was agreed, might be one of the root causes of the inflation evil. But where was the waste to be located?

The report of the Trust, published as an unassuming little booklet, contained the surprising conclusion that neither strikes nor restrictive labour practices were the prime source.

GRINDING TO A HALT

The biggest cause of lost time was the shortage of skilled managers.

Time and time again, it says, the industrial machine is grinding to a halt because there aren't enough men with the skill to keep it going.

The time has long since passed when a man with a good nose for making money, plenty of energy, and a mind full of Samuel Smiles' slogans could run a production line.

The kind of man now most needed seems to be just the kind of man there is no provision for producing.

He must first have a lot of scientific knowledge and engineering skill. But that in itself is not enough. He must as well have a thorough grounding in economics, a familiarity with modern business methods, and probably be a bit of an accountant as well.

The schools and the universities seem to produce men with one set of qualifications and the great corporations themselves produce men with the other set.

The combination, however, is seldom found.

Many top jobs as a result go begging. And, while they go begging, a lot of things are apt to stop and wait.

TRAFFIC JAM

A few years ago, when the new London Airport was on the drawing boards, it was reckoned that it would be able to handle all the air traffic in and out of the metropolis for a long time to come.

Now, it seems, London will need at least two airports of the same size and may, before long, need three.

For the last six years passenger traffic has been increasing at the rate of 10 per cent a year. And it is probably accelerating.

Three million people passed through London Airport last year alone.

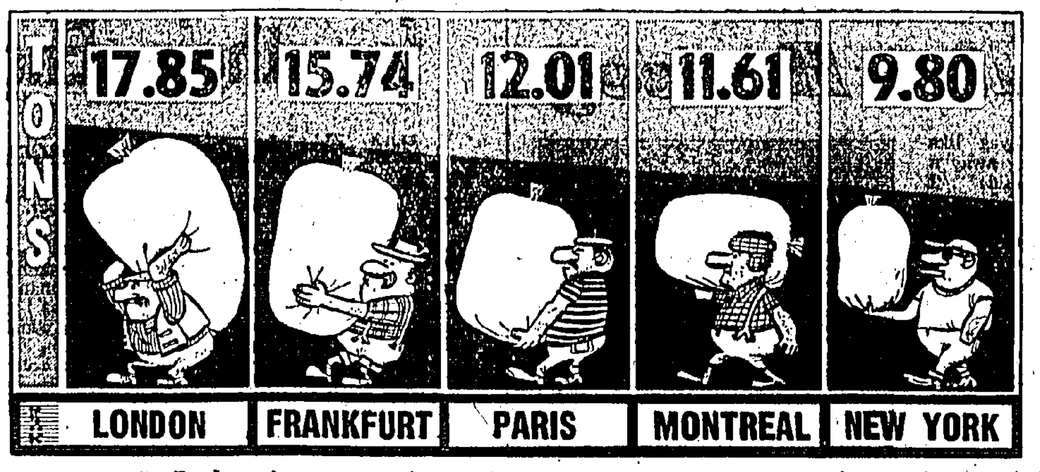
In 1965, the number will probably be nine million. In 1970 it is likely to be 13½ million.

The size of the boom has been somewhat camouflaged in Britain because the government-owned transport system obscures it.

In the United States, it is already cheaper to fly than to travel by train and, but for the odd economics of nationalisation, it would probably be cheaper now to fly from London to Paris or from London to Edinburgh than to ride the trains.

Despite the protective colouring, however, air travel is asserting itself in a way that has the planners almost on the verge of hysteria. Nobody knows quite how to go about catering for 13½ million travellers a year . . .

Push-button magic boosts the happy industry . . .



IN fairy tales you often find witches' cauldrons. Outside the Staffordshire village of Cauldon (population 606) they now have a touch of magic—without any witches. It is a new plant that Britain's Blue Circle cement group has just put to work as the last word in progress in one of our most progressive industries.

by PETER DICKINSON

Although it has cost more than £3,000,000, the payroll is only 150—including lorry drivers and canteen girls. For here the modern magic of push-button working has gone further than ever before.

New methods

Fuel and power make up nearly half the cost of producing cement. At Cauldon new methods have slashed the fuel bill by 40 per cent.

This new plant is the latest in a £50 million spending programme which the industry has carried out since the war to meet the mounting demands of peace.

First there were the big demands of the new jet age. These have called for millions of tons of cement for airplane runways in the last 11 years. Last year alone 850,000 tons were used this way.

The biggest job on hand just now is laying the runways for the new Gatwick airport on the Brighton Road. There will be 7,000 yards of them in all.

They will require as much cement as 50 miles of 33ft. carriageway roads. For to stand up to the strain of handling modern jet aircraft, the runways must be anything from 16 inches to 3ft thick.

Seven feet

And, now, there is the atomic age coming up at almost jet-propelled speed. It will be an immense user of cement and reinforced concrete, too.

Where a conventional power-station takes around 4,000 tons for its foundations, an A-power plant will need all of 30,000 tons. Seven feet thick shields standing 90ft. high, round the nuclear reactors are where the extra cement goes. In the old days steel and coal were considered Britain's basic industries. Now you can include cement as well. For there is hardly an industry in the land that does not depend on it to some degree.

Last year alone nearly 3,000,000 tons were used in building new factories and for other jobs in general industry.

The big housing schemes of recent years have also required huge amounts of cement. The usual reckoning is eight tons to a house. So with something like 300,000 houses a year going up, the builders have been buying a lot of cement.

This vital raw material is the offspring of mortar which has been holding stones together since Roman times. Mortar was made by the simple process of burning pulverised chalk and mixing it with sand and water.

A Leeds bricklayer, named Joseph Aspdin, produced our first real cement. In 1824 he discovered that the chalk, when mixed with a finely pulverised clay and burned at a high temperature, was the basis of a much harder material.

A brainwave

The idea of mixing cement with shingle and reinforcing it with steel rods came about 75 years after bricklayer Aspdin had his brainwave. The "know-how" for using this reinforced concrete has since made huge strides. Today it is the heart of all civil engineering.

Very rightly the cement makers are proud of their achievements. Although theirs is a costly product to cart around, they are selling £10 million worth a year in export markets. For they have made British cement the cheapest in the world.

The next job

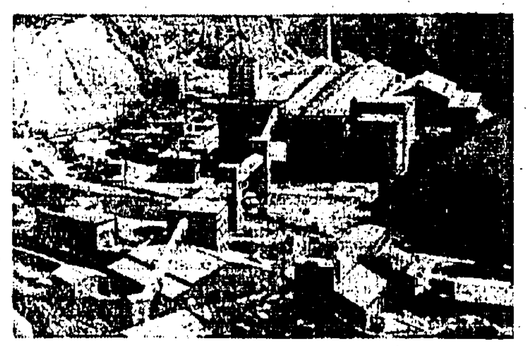
They have a happy and hard working industry. They pioneered holidays with pay and profit-sharing. The only strike they have ever had was in 1926 during the General Strike.

Last year their output per man was higher than for cement makers anywhere, even in the U.S.A. where productivity is idolised.

And what of the future? The next big job for the cement industry to have a hand in will surely be helping to improve Britain's roads. How soon can it be tackled? The industry's leaders say the cement and reinforced concrete can be made available for the work to start right now.

The magic of the cement makers' new plants like the one at Cauldon will see to that.

—(London Express Service).



The modern Blue Circle cement plant at Shoreham—this is how the industry meets the increasing demands of the jet and atomic age.



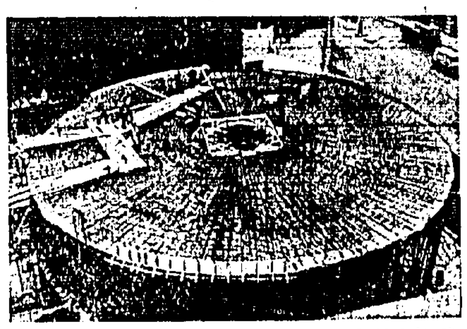
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BAYER

If we had to rebuild the Houses of Parliament . . .

We'd just have to use the new materials says Mr. Mason. The cost of doing it the old way would be fantastic.



The basket-work of steel rods which are embedded in the concrete floor.

THE WORLD HAS A CONCRETE SKY

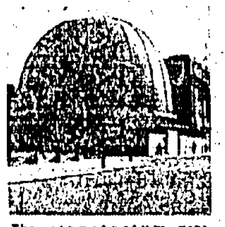
THE new planetarium at Baker Street shows the versatility of reinforced concrete as a building material.

The 80ft. dom is built of double-skin reinforced concrete laid over reinforced concrete ribs. These members were pre-cast in the factory to ensure accuracy and to relieve congestion on the site.

Each concrete skin is 3in. thick, with an air-space between for insulation against extremes of temperature. The dome has been weather-proofed in 22-gauge copper sheeting.

The top picture shows the floor of the auditorium under construction, and illustrates the basic principle of reinforced concrete. Steel rods, or welded mesh, embedded in the concrete give this building material an almost indestructible strength.

The floor is elevated 18ft. above ground level and supported on reinforced concrete columns.



The planetarium near completion.

by PETER CHAMBERS

MR ARTHUR MASON gazed in a speculative manner at the Houses of Parliament. "If the whole lot fell down," he said, "we'd have to put it up again in reinforced concrete. It might cost £10 million or more."

Arthur Mason, BSc, MICE, MI.Struct.E, MASCE, knows what he is talking about. He is technical director of the British Reinforced Concrete Engineering Company, the biggest firm of concrete designing engineers in Britain.

"You see, we can never put up buildings like the Houses of Parliament or Westminster Abbey again," said Mason. "First, the cost would be fantastic.

"Secondly, we haven't got that kind of skilled labour any more."

Even cathedrals have moved into the Concrete Age. Liverpool Cathedral has been building, traditional-style, for 40 years. But Sir Basil Spence has designed Coventry Cathedral to meet the needs of the new age—in reinforced concrete.

Old and new

Basically, there are two ways of putting up a building.

You can build it so that the walls themselves bear the weight of the structure. This is how ordinary houses are built. This is how Sir Charles Barry built the Houses of Parliament.

Or you can build it on a "cage" of structural steel or reinforced concrete. In this case, the main members of the building support the whole weight, and the only function of the walls is to keep the draught out.

Cage construction has more or less completely supplanted traditional building methods, except in small-scale domestic architecture. It is cheap and strong. Fewer skilled men are needed on the site, and the building can be put up rapidly.

The architect values the freedom which reinforced concrete gives him. Since the interior walls of his building do not have to carry any weight he can put them where he likes. He can leave them out altogether. He can create new perspectives.

'Shell' roofs

Factory and ecclesiastical architecture have come together in the Concrete Age. Sir Basil Spence has designed the roof of Coventry Cathedral in "shell concrete"—which is extensively used in building factories, warehouses and aircraft hangars.

Careful calculation of stresses enables the concrete engineer to spread an egg-shell thin layer of reinforced concrete over 150ft. roof-spans. The concrete is cast—or even sprayed—on to reinforcing rods or welded wire mesh.

The resulting structure is thin, but immensely strong, and the interior space of the building is sheer space. No interior pillars are needed to hold up the roof.

Concrete does a big job in the mines.

The old type of colliery pit-head gear is being replaced by reinforced concrete structures. Instead of raising a few hundredweights of coal, the concrete-based winder can raise skips of 10-15 tons loaded weight.

Masses of concrete—thousands and thousands of tons of it—are being poured into Britain's new chain of atomic power stations. A proposal has been put forward to build a Channel Tunnel out of prefabricated concrete sections, which would be lowered on to the sea-bed and connected underwater.

More knowledge

"We know a lot more about concrete than we did 30 years ago," said technical director Arthur Mason. "We use less of it and make a stronger job."

The *disadvantage* of reinforced concrete becomes apparent when you try and knock it down. The stuff is almost indestructible.

Mason tells how, during the blitz, fire broke out in one of his reinforced concrete warehouses at Gladstone Dock, Liverpool. The Navy tried to make a fire-break by mining one of the columns. The column blew up all right—but the building refused to fall down.

The first reinforced concrete building put up in London looks as if it is good for another couple of centuries. It is No. 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

When was it built? In 1885.

The history of reinforced concrete—that enduring combination of cement, sand, gravel and steel—has only just begun.

—(London Express Service).

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Marry Sinatra? —'only a rumour' says Miss Bassey



MISS Shirley Bassey, with eyes like Aldis lamps, was explaining away a minor social indiscretion. She said: "I apologise for keeping you."

We had an arrangement to meet at three o'clock. And it was now eight o'clock. Miss Bassey's Press agent offered me as consolation a large drink and the words: "Well at least she did get the *date* right."

Miss Bassey, who had also failed to appear at a recording session that day, said: "I was so absorbed in my driving lessons. I'm in a different world when I'm learning to drive."

A mystery

Back again in this world, Shirley Bassey talked to me about Miss Bassey, the singer with Napoleonic ambitions. She told me what a success she had been on her recent jaunts abroad (including Las Vegas "where they stopped gambling to listen to me").

But would I, she asked, do her the small service of helping her deny rumours that had arisen from the American trip.

Would I, she asked, tell her public that she was not going to marry Frank Sinatra. "I haven't the feggiest idea," Miss Bassey said, "how that rumour got going."

I said neither had I and Frank Sinatra, and who was she going to marry if she wasn't going to marry Frank?

"At the moment, no one," Miss Bassey said. "I am too busy building a reputation. You see, one day I aim to be an international star."

Shirley Bassey, who comes from the Tiger Bay area of Cardiff, where she worked as an enamelware packer and is the colour of a milk shake (chocolate flavour), explained how this ambition was going to be achieved: "I will concentrate on cabaret. Cabaret, you see, is the door to international fame. And the door to cabaret is sex. That's the product you have to sell in cabaret."

Belgian date

I said I would mention this fact to Mr Robert Morley, who is a well-paid exponent of cabaret without sex, but meantime would Miss Bassey enlighten me on her future plans. And would she include her recording plans—assuming she could tear herself away from her driving lessons long enough to get into a recording studio.

Miss Bassey called for a glass of port, explained that this was the stuff for the vocal chords and said: "This month I am leaving for a three-week engagement in Belgium, where, I am told, I am something of a sex symbol. By September I should have completed a long-player for Philips—Shirley Bassey Sings the Blues. I will follow through with a tour of the British music halls. And in November I'll be back in America doing cabaret in Las Vegas."

The only sophisticate to come out of Tiger Bay, Cardiff, added: "And if my luck holds I'll be making the film of The Jazz Train while I'm in America."

The star of this film, I threw casually into this piece, is going to be a Mr Frank Sinatra.

After that, Miss Bassey said, she might get down to making a home for herself in some fashionable area in London.

"My house," she said, "will have the biggest bed in London. And a mink bedside rug."

After all, at 20, she already has a mink cape.

Hear Shirley Bassey on Fire Down Below (Phillips, 78). It has all the warmth of a white hot rivet.

RECORD ROUND

By RAMSDEN GREIG

I'VE HEARD

- Here comes another album of calypsos and folk songs—this time by Cy Grant on Cy Grant Sings (Donegall 33). A good mixed bag of 19 numbers includes Babalu, St. James' Infirmary Blues, Foggy, Foggy Dew and Grant's signature tune Wanderin'.
- Frank Chakefield and orchestra give the lush treat to The Desert Song, Wunderbar, Alice Blue Gown and Will You Remember on Waltzes to Remember (Decca 33). Ted Heath does the same for the works of Raymond Scott on A Yank in Europe (Decca 33).
- Actor John Fraser produces a pleasant voice for Bye, Bye Love (Nixa 78).
- Ronnie Hilton does a workmanlike job on Wonderful, Wonderful (HMV 78).

—(London Express Service).

"The Cypriot girls all fell for their English teacher"

THE BOOK PAGE

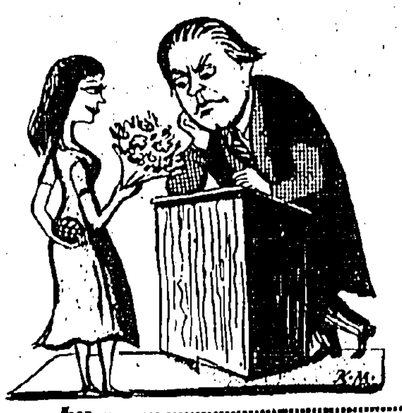
But Enosis was their homework

BITTER LEMONS. By Lawrence Durrell. Faber. 16s. 255 pages.

DURRELL would have been better pleased — and so would his readers — had the end of his book been as happy as the beginning. But luck was against him. He is a man attuned to sun-drenched landscapes and the wild humours of life. He is pawky ironical, passionately curious about matters which, since the dawn of time, have been the proper concern of men.

He went to stay in Cyprus at a time when nationalism was about to stage a formidable outbreak.

When did it all start and how could it have been prevented? Durrell has his own ideas.



by **George Malcolm Thomson**
EVENING STANDARD BOOK CRITIC

Nobody who reads Durrell's hilarious chapter "How to buy a house" will underrate the tenacity of the Turks. For the hero of that epic of bargaining with Greek peasants is a Cypriot-Turk named Sabri, recommended by a Greek — "He is the one I would go to. But *Beware!*"

As the climax of the negotiation approached, "Now whatever happens, my dear," said Sabri in a low voice, tremulous with emotion, "do not surprise. You must never surprise. And you don't want the house at all, see?"

Before he became the owner of the house, which he wanted very much, see? Durrell had ample reason to surprise.

His book—superbly written, steeped in affection and humour and sensuous delight—tells how he settled down as a Cypriot by adoption.

He had two advantages, one real; he spoke Greek like a Greek, which few Cypriots do. The other fictitious. He invented a brother killed at Thermopylae fighting for Greece. When this brother turned up in Cyprus, there was a momentary awkwardness.

Durrell became an English teacher at Nicosia High School.

The girls of the sixth were "uncomfortably unified in one thing, besides Enosis, a passionate, heartrending determination to marry their English teacher." Each was too busy with work of her own to attend to the business of learning. One spent the lesson period entering up her diary, "Today he looks cross, my teacher, his jaw is set, his brow grim, but I love him all the more."

Only too soon, alas, these Cypriot beauties and their brothers were at grimmer work—throwing bottles at policemen in the name of Enosis. Some went to gaol, where they complained bitterly that the crowded conditions prevented them from studying for the General Certificate of Education.

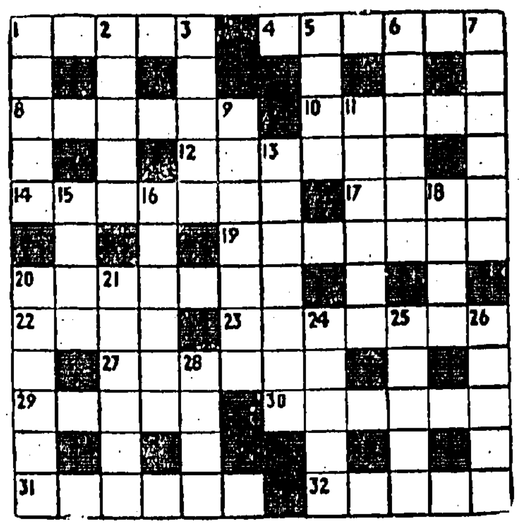
"Don't," pleaded Durrell's friend, the British official Foster. "Don't tell me any more. They are *mad*. I can't take it. First they throw a bomb, then they want to pass their School Certificate, and I'm a Fascist because they can't."

The exasperation, the unreason ("Yes, even Dighenis, though he fights the British, really loves them") the pain of the divided heart, the utter needlessness of paradise lost—this is Durrell's theme.

The Cyprus he arrived in—sunny, lazy, negligent, almost stupid island—has been torn up and cast away. He went in hope and left in sorrow, although not in despair.

But he has written beautifully about the peace and friendliness that has gone, and regretfully of the rising tide of imported fanaticism that has swept it away. And his charming book contains the promise that somehow, sometime, peace will return to Cyprus.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1 What a relieving officer does? (5).
4 Go all out on a horse (6).
8 Turnkey (6).
10 Distress (5).
12 Not a fruitful place (6).
14 Take the place of (7).
17 Metal club (4).
19 Water, for instance (7).
20 Do preliminary work (7).
22 Demigod (4).
23 Runner's colour? (7).
27 They're to cat's credit (6).
29 Supporter of art (5).
30 Narrow waterway (6).
31 Fails to contact the girls (6).
32 Staggered dancers? (5).

DOWN

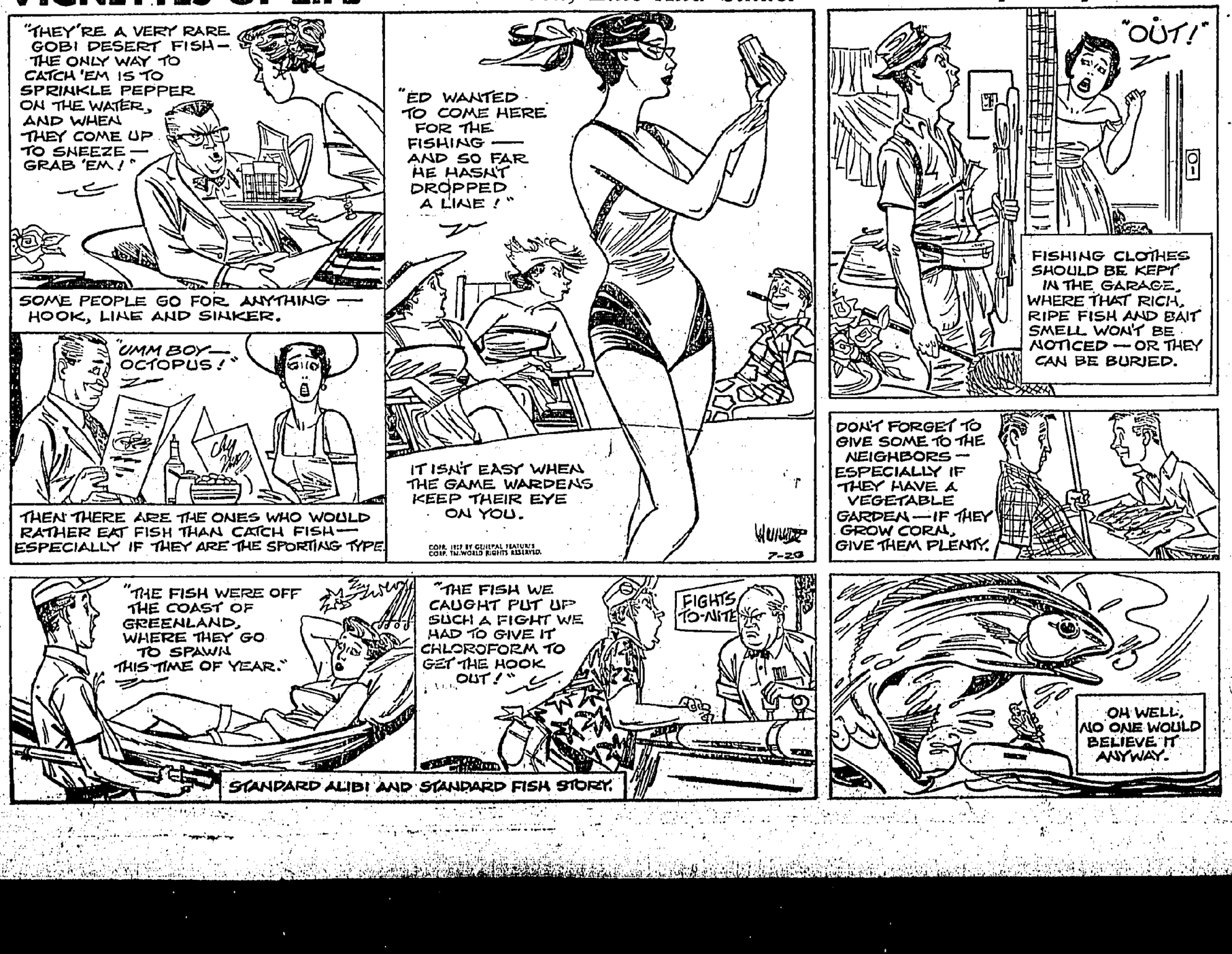
1 Possibly regal composer (5).
2 Make the feet useless? (5).
3 Edible European (5).
5 It gives one the cold shivers (4).
6 Fine finish (6).
7 It's obvious (6).
9 Defeat or the opposite (7).
11 Rock-detonator (6).
13 Picks out (7).
15 Modern Ireland (4).
16 Set as a task (6).
18 At one time in concert (4).
20 Sluggish indifference (6).
21 Scrubs, in modern parlance (6).
24 Getting cracking? (5).
25 Permission to depart (5).
26 Mr Oates? (5).
28 Wild fruit (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Epidemic; 8 Loud; 9 Eremites; 11 Aperture; 13 O.H.M.S.; 15 Bartered; 16 Rudiment; 19 Less; 21 Saveloys; 25 Thistles; 26 Mall; 27 Regiment. Down: 1 Flea; 2 Pure; 4 Perui; 5 Dame; 6 Match; 7 Cats; 9 Ether; 10 Erred; 12 Plane; 14 Money; 16 Rural; 17 Dives; 19 Later; 20 Swing; 21 Stem; 22 Velix; 23 Oval; 24 Salt.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Hook, Line And Sinker

By Harry Weinert



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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Commentaries On Final Test

'THE ROLLING DISC' —A MUSICAL TRAVELOGUE

The Fifth, and final, Test Match between England and the West Indies starts next Thursday at the Oval, when the commentators will be John Arlott, Kenneth Ablack and Rex Alston, the BBC team who have described the play in this year's series for listeners all over the world.

Commentaries on the last match will be relayed by Radio Hongkong at 11.15 each evening of play, and for those who prefer not to stay up so late there will be short eye-witness accounts of the previous day's play before the eight o'clock news each morning.

Peter Norton is an Army officer who was recently stationed in the Colony, but before leaving he recorded the series of six programmes which will be broadcast on Monday evenings, at 8.15 under the title "The Rolling Disc."

During the series he will take listeners on a musical tour which starts among the fields and woods of the green English countryside, takes in the lakes and pine forests of Finland and the cold mountain air of Mongolia, before bringing listeners safely to journey's end in Hongkong.

To illustrate his journeys Peter Norton has some very unusual records which he collected on his extensive travels to various parts of the world, and he will also tell us something about the people he met there.

Greek Drama in Wednesday Theatre — Part Two of "The Orestein," the famous Greek trilogy of Aeschylus, is called 'The Choephori' or 'The Libation Bearers.' The scene is again the city of Argos, seven years after the actions which took place in the first part, "Agammemnon."

The second part, which can be heard at 8.45 on Wednesday evening, tells of yet another 'vengeance,' Orestes, son of Agammemnon and Clytemnestra, returns to Argos, and at Apollo's bidding murders his mother and her lover, Aegisthus.

The 'Choephori' are the women who accompany Orestes' sister Electra to the tomb of Agammemnon and there meet the returning exile who is to murder his mother and for that crime be driven mad by the Furies.

Don't be put off by the title of Sunday evening's talk, **"The Importance of Nationality,"** because this programme is about the less ominous aspects of the frictions and misunderstandings that can arise between people of different nationalities, and with three such lively personalities as Bertrand Russell, the philosopher, Peter Ustinov, dramatist and actor, and Malcolm Muggeridge, editor of Punch, doing the talking, the discussion cannot fail to be stimulating and provocative.

The chairman will be Edgar Lustgarten, a barrister by training and an outstanding broadcaster whom listeners may remember in the "Prisoner at the Bar" series. "The Importance of Nationality" is at nine o'clock tomorrow night.

This Week — Tonight's programme of topical news and events from round and about Hongkong, at 7.30, will bring to the microphone interesting people who were in the Colony this week.

They include an Irish journalist, Desmond Fennell, working with "The Voice of Germany" in Cologne; the Australian dancing couple, Margaret and Maurice; Joe Palazzolo and Hans Bretzner, two young Americans taking five months off from work in a Detroit automobile business; and some of the people involved in the making of the film "Hongkong Affair."

The Miracle Baby—This BBC feature, narrated by Stephen Grenfell, is a true story about young Roy Davenport, nine months old, who had just experienced his first Christmas as "The Miracle Baby," for when he was born even his mother did not dare believe that he would live. This programme, on Tuesday at 8.15 p.m., tells the fascinating story of how he was assured of survival after a nation-wide search for blood of an extremely rare group.

The Monday Recital—Singers, and particularly baritones, are all too rarely heard over the air, and those who miss them will therefore be particularly interested in next Monday's recital, at 9.30 p.m., when the baritone Gordon Lockhart, a young Army officer, will be making his first and only broadcast before leaving Hongkong.

Being a Scotsman, his programme very properly includes one or two Scottish songs, as well as songs by Handel and by two twentieth century British composers, Vaughan Williams and Michael Head.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 "THE GAY 78'S."
From the Vintage Period in Swing Time.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
"THE GAY 78'S" (CONT'D).
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
The Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam conducted by Eduard van Beinum.
2.00 JUST FOR YOU.
Presented by Bill Borward.
3.00 "HAWAII CALLS."
3.30 "DEAD CIRCUIT."
Adapted by Elleston Trevor from the Novel by Simon Battray.
1—"The Prisoner'.
4.00 "KISMET" (WRIGHT-FORREST).
Selections from the musical film starring Howard Keel.
Orchestra cond. by Andre Previn.
4.30 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.
The London Promenade Orchestra.
Down a Country Lane Suite (Palmer) No. 1 In the Cornfields; Desert Caravan (Bantock); Linden Grove (Collins); Festive Days (Ancliffe); Caprice for Strings (White); Springtime (Collins); Dancing Dolls (Bantock); Prunella (Bridgewater); Persistent Serenader (Collins); By the Lake (Collins)—cond. by Walter Collins.
5.00 TOMMY DORSEY (TROMBONE).
With Victor Young's Singing Strings and Orchestra.
I'm getting Sentimental over you; Ecstasy; You're the one; Flower of Dawn; Smoke gets in your eyes; Body and Soul; The Searching wind; My Love; This Nearly was mine; I'm getting sentimental over you.
5.30 A PROGRAMME IN CELEBRATION OF INDONESIA'S NATIONAL DAY.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.02 UNIT REQUESTS.
Presented by Marjorie.
Calling: Headquarters Land Forces.
7.00 JAZZ HALF HOUR.
Presented by Robert Acheson.
7.30 THIS WEEK
News, reports and interviews on some of the week's events in and out Hongkong.
Compiled and introduced by Donald Brooks.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 EVENING STAR.
Eartha Kitt (Vocal).
Just an old fashioned girl; Le Danseur de Charleston; Lazy Afternoon; Looking for a boy; The Heel.
8.30 SPORTS CAVALCADE.
Edited by Ted Thomas.
Produced by John Wallace.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
EDUCATING ARCHIE.
With Peter Brough and Archie Andrews.
9.30 "IT'S IN THE FAMILY."
Vitya Vronsky & Victor Babin (Two pianos).
Russian Village (Babin); Suite No. 1 for Two Pianos, Op. 5 (Fantasy) (Rachmaninoff); Waltz from Suite No. 1 for two Pianos, Op. 15 (Arensky).
10.00 "SHALL WE DANCE."
Dancing in the Dark—Foxtrot—Artie Shaw and his Orch.; All the things you are—Foxtrot—Lais Arcaraz and his Orch.; I get a kick out of you—Foxtrot—Tommy Dorsey and his Orch.; Latin-American Rhythms; Samba Samba; La Comparsa—Rumba; Mondongo—Mambo—Edmundo Ros and his Rumba Band; The song is you—Foxtrot—Freddy Martin and his Orch.; Save the last dance for me—Foxtrot—Ralph Flanagan and his Orch.; Chattanooga Choo Choo—Glenn Miller and his Orch.; Rock and Roll:—Riff and Rock—Michel Legrand and his Orch. with Les Fontana; Rock Des Petits Cailloux—Magali Noel; Rock at the Apollo—Alix Combelle and his Orch.; My Lucky Number — Quickstep — The Coronets; Let's walk that-a-way—Foxtrot—Doris Day and Johnnie Ray; Dorothy—Calypso; Wine and Molina; Myra, Myra—Calypso—The Talbot Brothers; Fit as a Fiddle—Quickstep—Champ Butler; I Should have told you long ago—Foxtrot—The Four Lads with Orch.; Moving away—Waltz—Lu Ann Simms; Ugly Woman—Calypso—Edmundo Ros and his Rumba Band with Vocal; Allegheny Moon—Waltz—Patti Page.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 "SHALL WE DANCE."
Bluejean Bop; Jezebel—Rumba; Who slapped John—Rock and Roll; Ain't she sweet—Foxtrot; I Flipped—Rock and Roll; Waltz of the wind—Waltz—Gene Vincent and his Blue Caps.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, WEATHER REPORT, PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
8.05 DAVID ROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
8.30 THE CINCINNATI SUMMER OPERA ORCHESTRA.
Cond. by Fausto Cleva.
8.58 WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, SPORTS RESULTS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS AND HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.20 Approx. LES PAUL (GUITAR) AND MARY FORD (VOCAL).
9.50 EDDIE FISHER SINGS ACADEMY AWARD WINNING SONGS FROM 1934 TO 1954.
With chorus and orchestra conducted by Axel Stordahl.
10.30 SERVICE FROM THE UNION CHURCH, KENNEDY ROAD.
Preacher: The Rev. R. C. Symington.
11.30 "MORNING FROM."
Die Geschopfe des Prometheus—Overture, Op. 43 (Beethoven)—The London Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Eduard Van Beinum; Symphonie Espagnole, Op. 21 (Lalo)—Rea Victor Symphony Orch. cond. by William Steinberg with Jascha Heifetz (Violin).
12.00 RICARDO SANTOS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
With Helmut Zacharias and his violins.
Caminito; Pizzicato; Elephant Tango; Melodia, Waltz; Tango Glamour.
12.15 p.m. "BETWEEN YOU AND ME."
"Full Respect.'"
A Talk by Stanley Maxted.
12.30 CAVALCADE OF MUSICAL COMEDY.
Rise Stevens (Mezzo-Soprano), Robert Merrill (Baritone) with Chorus and Orch. conducted by Ted Dale.
If you were the only girl; More than you know; If there is someone lovelier than you; I get a kick out of you; You and the night and the music; 'Tis in Mood for love; Just one of those things; If I loved you.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
CARMEN CAVALLARO (PIANO) WITH RHYTHM ACCOMPANIMENT.
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 HOME REQUESTS.
Presented by Hilary.
2.30 OLD TIME BALLROOM.
With Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra.
3.00 GUILTY PARTY.
A panel of experts solve a problem set by Edward J. Mason.
"The Man on the Flying Trapeze."
3.30 HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
Presented by Hilary.
4.30 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.
Dolf Van Der Linden and his Metropole Orchestra.
La Serenata; On the sunny side of the street; Poeme; Riding into Happiness; Body and Soul; Berceuse de Jocelyn; Indian Summer; Melody in F; Holiday in Hollywood.
5.00 "CHOCOLATE SOLDIER."
Selections from the Oscar Straus Musical, sung by Ann Ayars, Charles Fredericks and The Guild Choristers with Orchestra cond. by Al Goodman.
5.30 TIME FOR CHILDREN.
"The House at Pooh Corner" by A. A. Milne.
'Piglet does a very Grand Thing.'
6.00 TIME SIGNAL. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.02 MUSIC FOR YOU.
Eric Robinson and his Concert Orchestra with Marina de Gabarain, accompanied by Julian Dream.
6.30 FORCES' EVENING SERVICE.
Conducted by the Rev. G. E. Hope, D.A.C.G.
7.00 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.15 TO LET—EPISODE 7.
A serial in eleven episodes from "The Forsyte Saga" by John Galsworthy.
7.45 "VIRTUOSO."
Gladys Ripley (Contralto).
He shall feed his Flock (From "The Messiah") (Handel)—with the London Sym. Orch. cond. by Maurice Miles; The Swimmer (From "Sea Pictures Op. 37") (Elgar)—with the London Symphony Orch. cond. by George Weldon; Swing Low Sweet Chariot (arr Burleigh)—with Gerald Moorell (Piano).
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL. THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SERENADE.
Charles Williams and his orchestra.
8.30 GOLDEN AGE OF POPULAR SONG.
"You're the top."
9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
"THE IMPORTANCE OF NATIONALITY."
A discussion between Bertrand Russell, Peter Ustinov, Malcolm Muggeridge.
9.30 SUNDAY CONCERT.
BBC Concert Hall.
BBC Symphony Orch. cond. by Sir Eugene Goossens: Nina Milkina (Piano): Overture "The Secret Marriage (Cimarosa arr. Winter); Piano Concerto No. 27 in B Flat (K. 595) (Mozart); Brazilian Impressions (Respighi); From "Romeo et Juliette" Op. 17 (Berlioz)—l'Orchestre des Concerts — Lamoureux cond. by Willem Van Otterloo.
10.45 NEAPOLITAN SONGS.
Tino Christidi (Tenor) with his Serenaders.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL.
MUSIC AT THE CLOSE.
11.20 THE EPILOGUE.
Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Derby Cathedral.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
OPENING MARCH.
LIGHT MUSIC.
Paul Weston and his orchestra.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
TOP O' THE MORN (CONT'D).
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL. NEWS.
8.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.15 DIARY FOR TODAY.
8.16 STAGE AND SCREEN MELODIES.
8.57 REPEAT HEADLINES. WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 "DOUBLE ATTRACTION."
Sid Phillips and his orch.
With Johnnie Eager (Vocal), Kate Smith (Vocal).
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
Overture Anacreon (Cherubini)—The Berlin Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Fritz Lehmann; Rhapsody On a Theme Of Paganini, Op. 43 (Rachmaninoff)—Artur Rubinstein (Piano) with Philharmonia Orch. cond. by Walter Susskind.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
5.30 TALKING ABOUT TEACHING.
Listeners' Magazine.
5.45 Approx. PEER GYNT SUITE NO. 1 OP. 46 (GRIEG).
The Residency Orchestra (The Hague) conducted by Willem van Otterloo.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.02 VARIETY HIGHLIGHTS.
Manhattan; La Panse—Les Baxter his Chorus and Orch.; Around the world—Bing Crosby; The Lonely Trumpet—Ray Anthony and his Orch.; Young and in love—Keely Smith; You're Mine Four Aces; Heleden—Ray Martin and his Piccadilly Strings; Rock Bobbin' Boats—Eve Boswell with Reg Owen's Orch.; Manhattan Tango — Ray Martin and his Piccadilly Strings; Rainbow of love—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; Summer Vacation—The Jordanaires; Kung-A-Ling—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.
6.30 CLASSICAL REQUESTS.
Presented by Aileen Dekker.
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 5 in E Minor (Ruzi); Hungarian dance No. 5 (Brahms)—The Young Prince and The Young Princess (from "Scheherazade" Rimsky-Korsakov); One thousand and one nights' Op. 340 (Johann Strauss, jr.).
7.00 "COCKTAIL TIME."
Roger Williams at the Piano with rhythm accompaniment.
7.30 TALKING ABOUT BOOKS.
Reviewed by Dr Tregear.
"Thirty Years Travelling Round the World" by Hans Griethabar; 'No Passport to Tibet" by F. M. Bailey.
7.45 INTERLUDE FOR MUSIC.
With Ray Ellington and his Quartet.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL. THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 "THE ROLLING DISC."
Presented by Peter Norton.
"The first in a series of Musical Travelogue Programmes."
8.35 THE MUSIC OF RICHARD RODGERS.
The Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York cond. by the composer.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
MOVIE MAGAZINE.
Edited and produced by Timothy Birch.
9.30 RECITAL BY GORDON LOCKHART (BARITONE).
With piano accompaniment by Moya Rea.
The Vagabond from "Songs of Travel" (Vaughan Williams); Limehouse Reach (Michael Head); Silent Worship from "Ptolemy" (Handel arr. Somervell); Honour and Arms from "Samson" (Handel); The Gentle Maiden (Old Irish Air); Afton Water; The Lass o' Patie's Mill.
9.50 Approx. ANDRES SEGOVIA (GUITAR).
Sarabande and Minuet (Handel); Romanza (Schumann).
10.00 "IN A LATIN MOOD."
Jose Norman and his orchestra.
10.30 "EDUCATING ARCHIE."
With Peter Brough and Archie Andrews. (Repeat of last Saturday's broadcast).
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
OPENING MARCH.
LIGHT MUSIC.
Harry Fryer and his orchestra.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
TOP O' THE MORN (CONT'D).
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
7.59 TIME SIGNAL. NEWS.
8.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.15 DIARY FOR TODAY.
8.16 "MUSIC FROM SPAIN."
8.57 REPEAT HEADLINES. WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. MORNING PRAYERS.
By the Rev. J. E. Sandbach.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.
With Bobbie Britton and Peter Lowe.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
"RHYTHM."
With Consuelo Velazquez (Piano).
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME CONCERT.
The Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York.
Symphony No. 30 in E Flat Major (K. 543) (Mozart)—cond. by Bruno Walter; "La Traviata"—Prelude to Act III (Verdi)—cond. by Arturo Toscanini.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
5.30 "OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."
Introduced by Mavis.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.02 I HEARD EUROPE SINGING.
Programme 5—Austria.
6.15 MUSIC FROM POLAND.
6.30 THE VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
Tchaikovsky Fantasy (arr. Stolz Introduction from Symphony No. 4 in F Minor, Op. 36; Miniature Overture — "Nutcracker Suite"; Serenade Melancolique Op. 26; Valse des Fleurs—"Nutcracker Suite"; Waltz from "Eugene Onegin"; Marche Slave, Op. 31; Danse Chinoise—"Nutcracker Suite"—cond. by Robert Stolz. Ballet Music from "Zar Und Zimmermann" ("Czar and Carpenter") (Lortzing)—cond. by Wilhelm Loibner.
7.00 SPOTLIGHT ON SONG.
Blanche Thebom (Mezzo-Soprano), Lawrence Tibbett (Baritone).
Mighty a Lak' a Rose; Homing; Calm as the night—Blanche Thebom; Myself when young; None but the Lonely Heart (Tchaikovsky) — Lawrence Tibbett; The Rosary; Trees — Blache Thebom; Goin' home; I got Plenty O' Nuttin' —Lawrence Tibbett.
7.30 FIRST HEARING.
Presented by Ronald Decent.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL. THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 FEATURE PROGRAMME.
"The Miracle Baby."
Written and narrated by Stephen Grenfell.
8.45 THE MUSIC MAKERS.
Quartet in F Major (Ravel).
Budapest String Quartet.
9.15 "GENTLEMEN BE SEATED."
A Minstrel Show.
Singers: Gordon Goodman, John Neher, Stanley Kimes, Osie Johnson. The Quartones, Uncle John Cole and the Merrill Station Choir. Orchestra and Chorus directed by Allen Roth.
10.00 "MOMENTS IN MAYFAIR."
Philip Green and his orchestra.
These Foolish things; Someday I'll find you; Room Five Hundred and Four; She's my Lovely; Midnight in Mayfair; Love is the sweetest thing; London Fantasia; We'll gather Lilacs; Limehouse Blues.
10.30 LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND EDDIE CONDON AT NEWPORT.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
Boishoi Symphony Orchestra cond. by C. A. Samosud.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Wednesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, OPENING MARCH.
LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
TOP O' THE MORN (CONT'D).
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL. THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR.
CLASSICAL REQUESTS.
Presented by Aileen Dekker.
Sonata in B Flat Major, K. 333 (Mozart); Impromptu, Op. 142 (Schubert) No. 3 in F minor—Allegro Moderato; Caucasian Sketches, Op. 10 (Ippolitov—Ivanov).
9.15 TO LET—EPISODE 7.
A serial in eleven episodes from "The Forsyte Saga" by John Galsworthy.
(Repeat of last Sunday's broadcast).
9.45 MILANO AND HIS ORCH.
10.00 "HERE COME THE GIRLS OF STAGE AND SCREEN."
My heart belongs to Daddy—Mary Martin; One night of love—Grace Moore; Lovely to look at—Irene Dunne; Something I dreamed last night—Ella Logan; Where are you—Gertrude Niesen; Wake up and live—Alice Faye; Tonight is love—Jane Froman; I cover the waterfront — Connie Boswell; Dream Shadows—Bebe Daniels.
10.30 EVERGREENS IN SWING TIME.
Johannes Fehring's Dance Orchestra.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 CRICKET.
ENGLAND V. WEST INDIES.
Commentaries on the 5th Test by Rex Alston, John Arlott and Kenneth Ablack from the Oval.
11.45 CLOSE DOWN.

Friday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, OPENING MARCH.
LIGHT MUSIC.
Mantovani and His Orchestra.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
TOP O' THE MORN (CONT'D).
7.53 CRICKET.
ENGLAND V. WEST INDIES.
Eye Witness Account of the 5th Test from the Oval.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL. NEWS.
8.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.15 DIARY FOR TODAY.
8.16 SWEET AND SWING.
12.15 p.m. ROMAN CATHOLIC PRAYERS.
By the Rev. Father R. W. Gallagher S.J.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 JOURNEY INTO MELODY WITH RUDOLF FRIML.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
JOURNEY INTO MELODY WITH RUDOLF FRIML (CONT'D).
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC OF THE MASTERS.
Mephisto Waltz (Episode No. 2 from Lenau's "Faust") (Liszt)—The Philharmonia Orch. cond. by Igor Markevitch; Concerto in G Minor for Piano and Orch., Op. 23 (Mendelssohn) — Orazio Frugoni (Piano) with the Vienna Symphony Orch. cond. by Rudolf Moralt.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
5.30 TIME FOR TEENAGERS.
Introduced by Deborah Hurlbatt.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.02 POPULARITY POLL.
Presented by Ted Thomas.
6.30 ASIAN CLUB.
7.00 EDDIE CALVERT.
(Trumpet) with Orch.
Easy to love; What is this thing called love; Can't help lovin' dat man; Falling in love with love; Jungle Moon; Beyond Mombasa.
7.15 YOURS SINCERELY.
With Vera Lynn.
7.45 GOING TO THE PICTURES.
The Critics discuss the Pictures they have seen this week.
Chairman: Timothy Birch.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL. THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR.
CLASSICAL REQUESTS.
Presented by Aileen Dekker.
Sonata in B Flat Major, K. 333 (Mozart); Impromptu, Op. 142 (Schubert) No. 3 in F minor—Allegro Moderato; Caucasian Sketches, Op. 10 (Ippolitov—Ivanov).
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10.30 EVERGREENS IN SWING TIME.
Johannes Fehring's Dance Orchestra.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 CRICKET.
ENGLAND V. WEST INDIES.
Commentaries on the 5th Test by Rex Alston, John Arlott and Kenneth Ablack from the Oval.
11.45 CLOSE DOWN.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 25.750 Mc/s, 11.65m; 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91m; and 21.550 Mc/s, 13.92m)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 FOR CHILDREN.
(See Sunday 10.15).
7.30 Charlie Chester in
A PROPER CHARLIE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from the
WEST COUNTRY.
8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
8.45 MAINLY FOR WOMEN.
9.00 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 SUMMER SPORT.
11.45 GANDHI — THE LAST SIX MONTHS.
By Francis Watson and Maurice Brown. A programme illustrating the life and work of the Mahatma from the Transfer of Power in August 1947 to his death in January 1948; drawn from the recorded memories of those that knew him in India and England.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18

6.30 p.m. COMPOSER OF THE WEEK.
Schumann (on records).
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 THE BILLY MAYERL RHYTHM ENSEMBLE.
7.00 CARIBBEAN CARNIVAL.
The British West Indies Show.
7.30 SUNDAY SERVICE.
From St. Matthew's Parish Church, Scarva, Co. Down, Northern Ireland. Conducted by the Rev. M. W. Dewar.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 MIXED DOUBLES.
9.00 'I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY'.
8: The Rt. Hon. Sir Norman Birkett.
Remembers a dramatic day at the Nuremberg trials.
9.15 INVITATION TO THE DANCE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 FOR CHILDREN.
'The Wind in the Willows'.
By Kenneth Grahame.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 CONCERTO.
Kathleen Long (piano).

MONDAY, AUGUST 19

6.30 p.m. COMPOSER OF THE WEEK.
Schumann (on records).
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 SANDY MACPHERSON.
At the theatre organ.
7.00 IN TOWN TONIGHT.
7.30 MILITARY BAND.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS REVIEW.
8.30 Mary Wimbush in
CHARM BRACELET.
A play in four episodes by Stella Margetson. 2: 'Russian Bear'.
8.45 Kenneth McKellar in
'A SONG FOR EVELYONE'.
9.00 COUNTRY DANCES.
Records presented by Ron Smedley.
9.30 ENGLISH MAGAZINE.
Presents people and events from South-East England by Rene Cutforth.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 NEW RECORDS.
(Concert music).
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 BBC NORTHERN IRELAND LIGHT ORCHESTRA.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 20

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 JAZZ (on records).
7.00 PALACE OF VARIETIES.
7.30 SOUNDS OF MALAYA.
Stewart Wavell, of Radio Malay, introduces some of the music, songs and dances of the various races in Malaya and tells how he recorded them, often in the remotest areas of the jungle.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Five Minutes for
FARMERS.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
9.00 Vera Lynn in
'YOURS SINCERELY'.
9.30 ULSTER MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 TALKING OF SYMPHONIES.
Arthur Jacobs, in the first of two illustrated talks, tells how symphonies began, and discusses symphonic composers up to Beethoven.
10.45 BILLY MAYERL RHYTHM ENSEMBLE.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
11.45 From the Promenade Concerts THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21

6.30 p.m. SCIENCE REVIEW.
The International Geophysical Year.
'The Interior of the Earth' by Dr Robert Stoneley, SC.D., F.R.S.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 PIANO PLAYTIME.
Malcolm Lockyer at the piano.
7.00 THOSE WERE THE DAYS.
Harry Davidson and his Orchestra.
7.30 VICTORIAN MELODRAMA.
Donald Wolfit in 1: 'The Bells'.
By Leopold Lewis.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from
SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND
Bedfordshire.
8.30 LOU PREAGER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
9.15 Deryck Guyler in
INSPECTOR SCOTT INVESTIGATES.
9.45 THINK ON THESE THINGS.
A programme about Christian Hymns, their music and their meaning.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 TIME FOR MUSIC.
The BBC Midland Orchestra Conducted by Leo Wurmser.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 Racing
THE CLOAR HANDICAP.
11.45 A QUESTION OF TIME.
By J. L. Johnston.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 FOLK MUSIC OF MANY LANDS.
Appalachian folk songs.
7.00 SERIOUS ARGUMENT.
7.30 CAT CALL.
Up-to-date music.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from the
NORTH OF ENGLAND.
8.30 THE EDWARD RUBACH QUINTET.
9.00 Cricket
ENGLAND v THE WEST INDIES
9.35 WELSH MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 Cricket.
(See 9.00)
11.45 SERIOUS ARGUMENT.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23

6.30 p.m. 'EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS'.
Robert Reid reporting.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 THE MONTMARTRE PLAYERS.
7.00 Bernard Braden in
'SO LITTLE TIME'.
7.30 Wavelength changes.
For Australia, New Zealand, the Far East, South and South-East Asia, the Middle East and East Africa.
7.45 TIME FOR MUSIC.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Reports from the
MIDLANDS.
8.30 THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.
The second of four programmes on the theme of The Lord's Prayer, with music by the Choir of Derby Cathedral. Reader: The Provost of Derby, the Very Rev. R. A. Beddoes.
8.45 OFF STAGE.
9.00 Cricket
ENGLAND v THE WEST INDIES
9.35 NEW RECORDS.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 THE ELGAR CHOIR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.
10.45 SANDY MACPHERSON.
At the theatre organ.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 Cricket.
(See 9.00)
11.45 THE ENGLISH TONGUE.
A survey of English as it is spoken in different parts of the world. Introduced by Bernard Miles and Simeon Potter, Professor of English Language in the University of Liverpool. 1: English in its Homeland.

By Mik

FERD'NAND



SWISS QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

SWISSAIR

A STRING RECITAL

PIERRE FOURNIER plays BEETHOVEN
Three Sonatas for Piano and Cello, Op. 69, 102, Nos. 1 & 2. A. Schnabel, (piano).

NATHAN MILSTEIN plays BRAHMS and PERGOLESE.
Brahms: Allegro - Pergolese : Sonata No. 12 - Schumann : Intermezzo.

LEONID KOGAN plays BRAHMS
Sonatas Nos. 1 & 2, Op. 78 and 100, for violin & piano. (A. Mitnik, piano).

ISAAC STERN plays J.S. BACH
Partitas in E & G minor for violin & piano. Sonata No. 3 for violin & Piano. A. Zakin, (piano).

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY plays HINDEMITH and BARBER
Hindemith : Sonata (1948) - Barber : Sonata, Opus 6. Ralph Berkowitz (piano).

MOUTRIES
15 Chater Road, Hong Kong. Tel: 20827
Miramar Arcade, Kowloon. Tel: 63019.

BOXING GETS A NURSE —ETHEL USHER APPLIES TO PROMOTE FIGHTS

By a Boxing Correspondent

Mrs Ethel Usher has asked the British Boxing Board of Control for a promoter's licence for her company, who run the Winter Gardens in Banbury, Oxfordshire. And I understand that Mrs Usher's application will be granted.

I am pleased about this because British boxing is in such a sickened condition that the gentle touch of a woman's hand is urgently required.

I arrive back from the concrete canyons and the rainbow rush of sky signs that make up New York commissioned to find a British boxer for a World Heavyweight Championship fight with Floyd Patterson.

And so long as Patterson can be kept busy, his bosses do not mind whether the fight is in Britain or America.

Naturally I think along the lines of chaps with the rugged exterior and the pay-off punch. I mean men like rough, tough Dick Richardson, or that dynamite-fisted citizen Brian London.

OUT IN THE COLD

But I arrive back in these green and pleasant isles to find that Richardson and London are left on the sidelines, that Henry Cooper is given a crack at Joe Erskine's British title next month.

Both Erskine and Cooper are jolly nice fellows. But neither could be said to carry the old equaliser which is the No. 1 weapon in modern-day warfare.

Cooper, in his previous pursuit of titles, lasted 1 min. 45 secs. against Empire Heavyweight Champion Joe Bygraves, and four rounds 2 mins. 57 secs. against European Champion Ingemar Johansson.

And for no title at all, he lost to Peter Bates of Doncaster in five rounds.

Erskine, whose brief encounter with Nino Valdes we endeavour to forget, outpointed Peter Bates last May.

Early this very month Brian London caused Bates considerable distress and knocked him out in two rounds.

And if I remember rightly it was stated that London would get a title fight with Erskine if he beat Bates.

I shall not advise the New York million dollar dress manufacturer who wants to put on the world title battle to attend this particular championship fight.

But enough of this Gloomy Gus stuff. Let me send up the brave cheer for Peter Waterman, British Welterweight Champion, who toughens up for another crack at Enrico Marcelli's European title the real, genuine hard way—in the fight ring.

Waterman completes his international programme of three fights in a month, by probably taking on German title contender, Ernest Zeltzmann, at Streatham on September 3.

WHAT A MAN, WATERMAN!

—(London Express Service).
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THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE HKFA IS OVER

But One Relationship Is Still Unsettled After All These Years

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

If you are interested in Colony sport in any form you will know I tell only the truth when I say it is quite impossible at the present time to escape football as a topic of conversation.

To those who love the game for what it is the current conversations must be disturbing and depressing for on almost every occasion it is being discussed with a general bitterness that is foreign to all but the most controversial aspects of the game.

Since the Hongkong Football Association held its rather inglorious Annual General Meeting a couple of weeks ago the subject of Colony soccer has been slashed and gashed on every side and it is a matter for some regret that a lot of the slashing is unjustified, and that it is being carried out by those who know very little of what they are talking about or, alternatively, have another axe to grind.

The most publicised controversy, of course, is that surrounding the question of who has and who has not the right to vote at the Annual General Meeting of the HKFA.

The press has been liberally littered with stories of an outside body taking legal action against the FA because it was refused the right to vote at the AGM.

This makes a spicy story but....well, let's just say, "but", and wait and see.

However, it is most interesting to examine just how this claim affects the various members of the claiming organisation, for up to now it has been most convenient and advantageous on occasion for the powerful Chinese clubs and subsidiary organisations to state that this or that important game or competition was not played under the jurisdiction of the parent body which, in consequence, gained no financial benefit.

If they win their latest point and are given full voting rights it will be difficult for them ever to offer this argument again in the future....and for that very reason there are some clear-thinking folks who are all for giving the CAAF full voting rights on the FA.

The whole affair, of course, is just one more typical example of the cheap bitterness that permeates local football . . . and in the opinion of many good judges . . . will eventually destroy it as a public spectacle.

SUMS IT UP

If the HKFA and the CAAF were new organisations it might be possible to make some sense of the present argument, but both of them have now been functioning side by side for years and as one well known ex-interporter said to me the other day, "If they don't know the official relationship between themselves by now, I doubt very much if they ever will."

That just about sums it up and proves once again how closely connected tragedy and comedy can sometimes be . . . particularly in Hongkong football.

The passing of two grand old teams like St Joseph's and the Royal Navy from the first class scene has been received with very mixed feelings by many soccer lovers. The understandable regret that two clubs who have rendered such invaluable service to Hongkong football should now find themselves relegated to a minor league has stirred a certain amount of emotional sympathy but, be it to the credit of the HKFA Councillors, they did not—in spite of eloquent pleas and self-sustained justification—waver in the application of the relegation rule.

IRRATIONAL

"To have done otherwise would have made an utter mockery of last season's competition and it would have been as irrational to have decided to deprive South China of the Championship as to have denied Jardine's their well-won promotion to the Senior Division of the League.

Similarly I feel that the promotion of third-placed Tung Wah was another logical step. Little Sai Wan, who finished in second place, were well aware of their position before last season started and there is certainly no bitterness in Royal Air Force circles regarding the treatment of this grand band of service sportsmen.

The Saints and the Sailors now face a testing season. They have the correct opportunity to prove that they should never have been out of the First Division . . . and they can do it by overcoming their new opponents to such good purpose that they will regain their old status on sheer merit, and not on the sympathy votes of their soccer colleagues.

Promotion and relegation is a fair system aimed at rewarding success and penalising failure. It sometimes seems heartless and harsh when old friends come under the influence of its penal aspect . . . but stripped of all its sentiment it is a fair arrangement based simply on the successes and failures sustained by a club on the field of play.

St. Joseph's and the Royal Navy will come again . . . but let us applaud the firmness of the HKFA in refusing to allow sentiment to overcome the common sense of the rule book.

UNDERLINED AGAIN

The Annual General Meeting of the HKFA served to underline once again the wisdom of the official proposal made some years ago, and since repeated at regular intervals, that Colony football should be administered by a small Committee of Five rather than by the unwieldy gathering that sits in power at the present time.

The proposers of the Committee of Five implied that the members would be men without club ties who really knew their Hongkong football....and when one looks around at the present time it is not difficult to understand why they made their proposals at all.

The vast Council idea is vulnerable to the 'safety in numbers' doctrine and on occasion it can shelter members whose personal knowledge of vital aspects of THE GAME OF FOOTBALL is not as comprehensive as one might expect from those holding down such important positions in Colony soccer.

The danger in this, of course, is that these members — keen as they may be — are eligible for election to important sub-committees and the view is being widely and openly expressed in both Chinese and European circles that something of the sort has happened this year in fact one, who might well be termed an expert, stated in public the other day that if each Council member had to prove his worthiness for the job by sitting a simple examination on the application of the laws of the game there might be some rather interesting withdrawals or by-elections.

That is a matter of conjecture, of course, and may well have been born in the disappointment which this particular person felt at his own inability to gain a seat in the cherished circle. But it makes you think....particularly when one is told about the earlier proclamations of "an ignorance of all things football" by one of the new 1957-58 office bearers.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who has run a sub-four-minute mile the most times: John Landy, Derek Ibbotson, Ken Wood or Roger Bannister?
2. Only four countries have held the Davis Cup. Name please?
3. What is the longest reign of a World Heavyweight Champion? And who achieved it?
4. What is the longest recorded cricket match?
5. With what sports do you associate: a. a jack-knife, b. a stymie, c. a puck, d. a "chukker"?
6. The British Empire Games have been held—five times, ten times or fifteen times?
7. In 1956, Jim Laker took all ten wickets in one innings of a Test match. How many runs were scored off his bowling?
8. Only two men have won the World Championship for racing drivers since 1950. Who are they?
9. Who carried the Olympic torch into the Melbourne Main Stadium last November?
10. When is a golf ball officially lost?

(Answers See Page 17)

WATERMAN ENGAGED



Peter Waterman, a 22-year-old British Welterweight Champion, and Miss Gillian Davies, 19, pictured in London after the announcement of their engagement. Gillian, a model, lives at Stoke Newington, North London.—Reuterphoto.

PITY THESE FIVE—ON THE 'HOT SEATS' OF SOCCER

By ALAN HOBY

Even at £3,000 a year and a five-year contract is there anyone who envies Sunderland's new manager, ALAN BROWN? I'd say NO. He is on the hottest "hot seat" in football.

For a towering task faces the quiet, 43-year-old ex-Burnley boss at Roker Park.

Not only has he got to produce a winning football team; he must also wipe out the bitter memories of a year which plummeted famous Sunderland to the depths with its scandals, suspensions, and internal strife.

Fined £5,000 for making "under the counter" payment to players . . . directors suspended for life . . . the unhappy target of everyone who wanted to shy mud at football—this has been Sunderland's shoddy fate in recent months.

NOT ALONE

Mr Brown, however, will not blister alone in the cauldron which is professional football.

I can give you other names whose winter wardrobes should include asbestos trousers. . . .

There is my old friend **Tommy Lawton**, who at Notts County now occupies one of the warmest managerial chairs in the Midlands.

I have been with Tommy, of the glistening black head, in many lands and places. . . .

In a Chelsea cafe as he waited to be transferred to his present club in 1947—a £20,000 deal which had the Chelsea faithful spluttering with rage. . . .

In Turin the following year where, on a baking May night, he hit the ball so hard it nearly decapitated the Italian goalkeeper as it hurtled into the net, England won 4—0.

And, of course, on countless other occasions when Tommy stamped himself as the greatest header of the ball I have seen.

Today, however, Tommy—he led England 28 times—tackles the hardest job of his life: with a club where his appointment as manager last May was strongly opposed by a minority of fans and directors.

This group plumped for the man who had saved Notts County from relegation—faithful Frank Broome.

But, led by chairman Len Machin, the enthusiastic, 37-year-old Lawton was installed—with a wealth of new ideas and drive.

The other week I telephoned Tommy to ask him about these plans.

"Mr Lawton is out training with the boys. Call back later," was the laconic reply.

I did.

"Mr Lawton is out training with—"

"Yes, I know," I cut in, "Ring later."

Eventually I managed to prise Mr Lawton away from the "boys" sufficiently long for him to say: "Wonderful bunch. Train like mad. Mornings and afternoons. Can't stop 'em."

"What about your relations with Frank Broome?" I asked.

"All 100 per cent happy. Here, speak to Frank yourself."

"Yes, Tommy and I are in perfect harness" assistant-manager Broome told me. . . .

Well, it is my sincere hope that Messrs Lawton, Broome, and the "boys" pull off promotion at the first attempt. They deserve it.

But if they DON'T—if Notts flop—then watch out. The fans will want Lawton's handsome head on a charger!

From Nottingham to Cardiff where shrewd, affable **TREVOR MORRIS** occupies what has been described as the worst "hot seat" in Wales.

Thousands of disgusted Welsh fans are still smouldering at the way Cardiff City fell out of the First Division last April.

Indeed Trevor himself has no illusions about the way ahead—a double-quick return to the top table or more trouble.

He told me: "I'm aiming at the fittest-ever Cardiff team.



TOMMY LAWTON—he is in "perfect harness."

Today the boys are out lumberjacking at a farm by the sea. It builds up strength—as well as relieving the anatomy of slogging training routine."

GRIM BATTLE

Morris, recalling how his lop-sided attack became the scorn of the valleys, has bought three goal-scoring forwards: Johnny Nicholls, England and West Bromwich inside-left; Ron Howitt, Wrexham's high-scoring inside-right; and Colin Hudson, dashing left winger from Newport.

Even so, I think "try-again" Trevor is going to have a grim battle getting Cardiff back into the top division.

Another "hot seat" specialist is **EDDIE LEVER**, of Portsmouth. Pompey supporters gave Eddie a rough ride last season when Portsmouth escaped the relegation trap-door only by a miracle.

With the Big Kick-off less than two weeks away, everyone will wish delightful Pompey success. Unfortunately they will still be fielding substantially the same team as last season.

In my view, what Eddie Lever needs, urgently, is a scheming master-mind who will seize his goal-shy attack by the scruff of the neck and wring results out of them. Otherwise, I fear he may be in for another harrassing time.

Finally, don't forget **ARCHIE MACAULAY** at Norwich. The red-haired Scottish star takes over from Tom Parker and Norman Low before him.

Neither found the manager's chair particularly comfortable in post-war years.

I feel, however, that the talented Macaulay may be luckier—especially if he remembers Alan Brown's wise words when he arrived at Sunderland last week:—

"Don't look back. It makes you old."

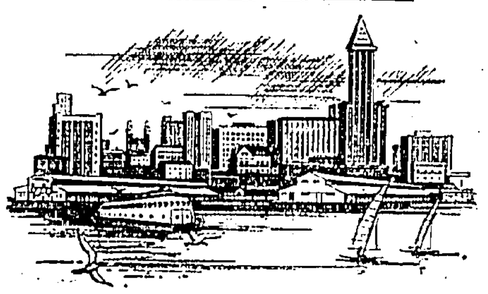
—(London Express Service).
(COPYRIGHT)

Believe It Or Not

The Darbys, Bert and Ted, are bowlers for Binkeley Hall Cricket Club in the Smethwick (Birmingham) Cricket League. The other day they had bowling analyses of six for two and four for two respectively to dismiss their opponents for ten—no extras. Believe it or not the opposing team's title was Jones Cricket Club. Pity it was not Joans!

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Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Fred Daly

By ARCHIE QUICK

Nobody takes his golf more joyously than Harry Bradshaw, the roly-poly broth of a boy from Dublin's fair city. Not far behind him in fun at the game he has adopted as a profession, however, is Ulsterman Fred Daly, and, if it comes to that, ould Ireland scores a notable carefree "hat trick" with Chris O'Connor in third place.

While the English, Scots and Welsh professionals tackle their self-imposed tasks with grimness, the trio of Irish "Musketeers" romp into their rounds. Yet there is a marked difference in the driving styles of Bradshaw and Daly. Cheery Harry walks up to the ball, and, without address as in the George Duncan manner, he hits it far without further ado. Daly is the "King of Wagglers." He has succeeded to the title of Ted Ray. At least a dozen times, sometimes as many as twenty, Daly waggles at his tee shot before he hits it.

Yet both systems have brought results. Bradshaw lost the "Open" only after a play-off, and that was because his ball became wedged in a bottle. Daly went one better and won the prized title at Hoylake in 1947, as well as taking the Match Play Championship that same year, and also in 1948 and 1952.

RYDER CUP MEN

Both of them—as well as O' Connor—are Ryder Cup men, and one cannot help feeling that the joyousness of their Celtic natures has helped considerably towards their eminence. Which brings me nicely to a Daly story. Someone mentioned that he was "eminent" in his profession, and Fred wisecracked back: "Indeed, I am the Pope of Golf himself." I was at Hoylake the day he took the "Open," and I shall never forget the scene when, after he had completed the dreaded "Loop"—the last five nerve-testing holes — with success, his countrymen invaded the course, carried him away shoulder high, and there were high jinks long into the night!

Fred started as a caddy at Royal Portrush at the age of nine, has been professional at Balmoral Club—you pass it halfway up Belfast Lough on the boat from England—and for years with Dai Rees—he dominated the scene as the finest of all our match-play professionals.

One of the finest putters of all times, he insists that golf is won on the greens. "Keep the head steady and well anchored down" is his advice. "The grip and style do not matter so much."

One can reasonably say that with Peter Doherty he shares the kingship of Belfast. Ask anybody in Kelly's Cellars!

Sports Diary

TODAY

Bowls

1st Division: CCC v Recreio.
2nd Division: FNC v FC "Blue", USRC v HKCC, CCC v Recreio, FC "Red" v KCC, HKFC v KDC.

3rd Division: HKCC v HERC, PRC v KCC, HKPSA v Stanley, HKFC v IRC, Recreio v Recreio.

Ladies' 1st Division: KBGC v KCC, CCC v KDC.

2nd Division: KCC v HKFC, USRC v FC, CCC v PRC.

Golf

Fourth Round Mixed foursome, Deep Water Bay.

CONCLUDING THE IBBOTSON STORY

Now For Another World Record

Ibbotson the runner is proud of Ibbotson the electrical engineer. And why not? He will tell you with pride that he studied part-time at Huddersfield Technical College for two years, and then became a full-time student for another two.

At 20 he had taken his ordinary mechanical National Certificate and his Higher National Diploma. His studies have helped him greatly in his job as a fieldsman with a firm whose cables link the world.

● The world's fastest miler looks back to his greatest moment . . . and forward in anticipation of becoming the world's fastest three-miler.

By JOHN ROSS

In athletics Ibbotson is a refreshing, forthright character who says what he thinks and hang the consequences. This is not conceit, just brashness. It hurts Ibbotson to lose a race. Like all great champions, he is concerned only with winning. But he can take a defeat with his handsome face smiling through the sweat.

Ibbotson told me of his biggest disappointment. It came on the same day as his greatest thrill.

He said: "Without a doubt my greatest experience was stepping on to the rostrum at Melbourne last year after running third in the Olympic Games 5,000 Metres.

"That race also brought me my saddest moment in sport. I had so much wanted to bring back a gold medal for Britain."

But there is not much room for self-pity in Ibbotson's make-up. He added:

"I can collect that gold medal at Rome in 1960. I shall be 28 years old then; and just in my prime for the three miles.

NO CONCEIT

That again, I would emphasise, is no conceit. It is the supreme confidence of a supreme runner who knows where he is going and just how long it is going to take him.

No man in his native Berry Brow would dare call Ibbotson conceited. Ibbotson drives his car through the sleepy hilly village like a stampeding bullock. He leans out of the window and yells greetings to the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker.

"Go easy," I cautioned. He replied: "Relax, I know this place like the back of my hand."

NO WORRIES

Ibbotson is always relaxed. He said: "I never worry, never had an aspirin in my life, never a pep pill.

"The Americans claimed that the British were taking pep pills when they started knocking the middle distance times all over the place. That was bunkum, sheer bunkum.

"They haven't seen anything yet. I intend to take my mile record of 3min. 57.2sec. down to 3min. 54sec.

"That will shake them."

That's not all. On the three miles, he says "I hope to get that record this season. At the moment it stands at 13min. 14sec. My aim is gradually to lower it to the 13-minute mark."

NO SILENCE

What makes Ibbotson such a devastating runner over such a variety of distances?

Mrs Ibbotson, 21-year-old button-bright Londoner, says that it is his boundless supply of nervous energy.

Even in his sleep he must burn some of it up. He talks—



Ibbotson the serious. Jokes and leg-pulling are out, even for Britain's gayest athlete, when he gets down to the business of convincing the customer.

and it annoys his wife Madeleine. She said: "I don't mind him talking in his sleep, but I cannot make out his Yorkshire accent when he mumbles, and I would like to know what he is saying."

Sleep-talking and running apart, the fantastic Ibbotson still finds time for tennis and golf.

NO CRICKET

"Cricket and soccer are out nowadays, but when I was a schoolboy I worked on and developed the best pear-drop in local cricket.

"It was a shot with a purpose—to land the ball in the orchard which lay just wide of mid-on. Then I used to hop over the wall and spend the rest of the game looking for the ball.

"I was always fond of fruit and any resultant chase helped my running."

NO SHAVE

Another feature which helps the Ibbotson running is the fact that he refuses to shave before a race.

He explained: "I found that when I shaved before a race the perspiration ran into the freshly open pores and nipped like blazes. He smiled: "If I don't shave there is no discomfort, so the remedy is simple enough—run in a five o'clock shadow."

It is the only shadow over Ibbotson these days.

IBBOTSON CAN DO MILE IN 3 min 50 sec — STAMPFL

FRANZ STAMPFL, famous athletics coach, said in London the other night he thought Derek Ibbotson capable of running a mile in 3min. 50sec.

He added: "Delany is a good miler, but I don't think he will be the man to bring the time down to 3-50. Merv Lincoln couldn't do it."

Stampfl, in London for nine days, on his way from Australia to Canada to take charge of a coaching course for two weeks, was angry about criticism of pacemakers.

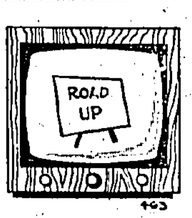
"If you make a law against them you are going to ruin track and field events," he said. "Get a dozen sub-four-minute milers in a race together and the time will nearly always be a poor one because they won't race. It's no use telling the public they are going to see superb tactics. They want to see records broken."

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. John Landy. Six times.
2. Britain, France, Australia and the United States.
3. Joe Louis was world heavyweight champion for 11 years 9 months.
4. The "timeless" Test between England and South Africa of 1938-39. It was abandoned after ten days' play.
5. a. Diving, b. Golf, c. Ice-hockey, d. Polo.
6. Five times.
7. 53.
8. A. Ascari (Italy) and J.M. Fangio (Argentine).
9. Ron Clarke, 19-year-old Australian miler.
10. After five minutes.

POLICE OFF BEAT

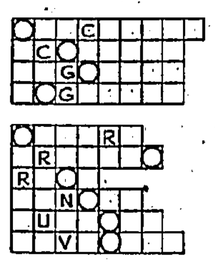
Three years in succession the Police team in the Burnley Youth League have failed to win the Championship by losing their last three matches. In 1955 and 1956 it did not seem that they could be overhauled, but they were. It has happened again this time, and to complete their discomfiture in their final match they were all out for nine!



NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

1 Road or railway?
2 Northern Country
3 Roads
4 Mechanic
5 Engines
6 Circulation
7 To the Isles
8 European City
9 Not deep
10 Action



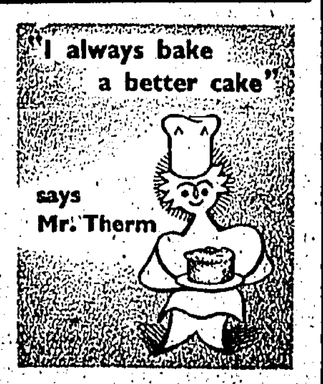
Solution on back page.

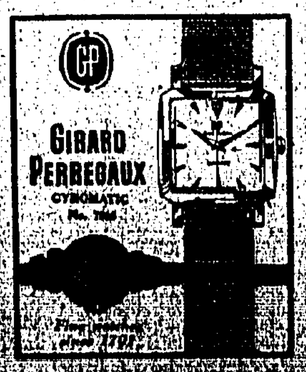
BE SPECIFIC
fly CATHAY PACIFIC

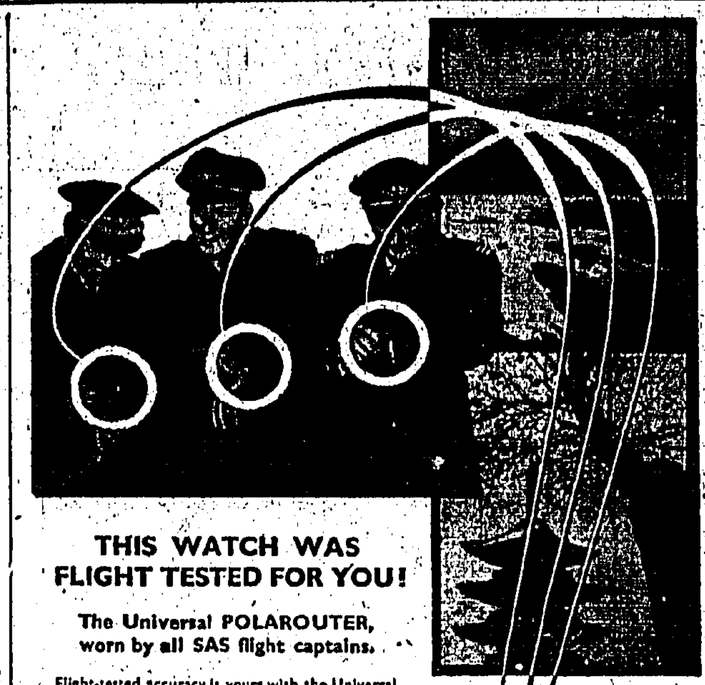


THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS . . . by Barrie Appleby









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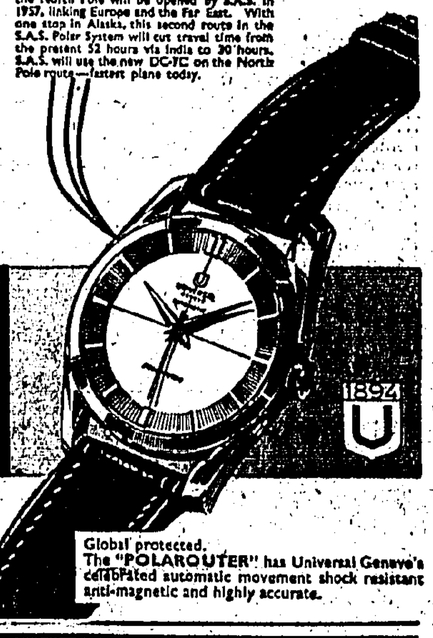
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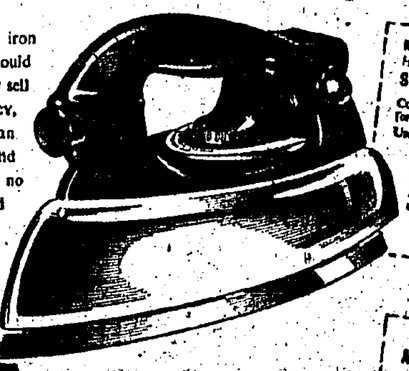


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☆ ★ ☆ FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ☆ ★ ☆

THEY LIVE IN PRAIRIE DOG PARADISE



Patsy and Pete emerge for Mrs Halliburton's 2 p.m. chow call.

AMONG the most difficult of all wild creatures to domesticate are prairie dogs. They are intensely shy and suspicious, and because they live in holes in the ground, prairie dogs usually are seen in captivity only in huge fenced and protected "towns."

The pets of the Vincent Halliburton family in Hobbs, N.M., are an exception. They live in a six by ten-foot woven wire cage with a concrete floor in which a hole was left for their burrow opening.

Mrs Halliburton hand-feeds them at 2 p.m. each day, giving them small grains, crumbled crackers, cookies and food scraps.

"They haven't stopped digging since we put them in the cage," she says. "One of these days we probably will be walking around on a thin crust of backyard undermined by prairie dog runs."

The pair, called Pete and Patsy, apparently realise they are quite safe in their wire haven.

They sit boldly at the burrow entrance nibbling food held between their tiny front paws, ignoring the family's two dogs. They play games with the cat, happily wrestling with tabby's paw poked through the mesh.

They go to Mrs Halliburton when she calls them. But they respond with their peculiar little staccato barks only to the sound of Mr Halliburton's voice. They call to him even when they hear him cough.

THE UMPIRE'S LIFE IS NO BED OF ROSES

ANYONE WHO THINKS the life of a baseball umpire is a "bed of roses" is surely mistaken.

The big-league umpire leads a rather lonely life, especially during the regular summer playing schedule. Besides being a strict league ruling, this is necessary for other important reasons.

The umpire has to travel alone. He is not allowed to converse or be friendly to the players of the league teams.

He is not permitted to be chummy with the players in the hotel lobbies, and most often stays at a different hotel. There is no doubt that the umpire would enjoy such personal contacts during his leisure hours, because the players are a jovial class and in great demand socially.



Besieged by insults, lonely umpire walks away.

Since he likes baseball, an umpire would surely enjoy talking about the games.

But if an umpire should converse with fans near or in the park, strangers who might be connected with gambling interests would take advantage of this opportunity. This would cause gossip and would make the paying fans wonder if the game was on the level.

The big-league umpire draws a fine salary for his services, and usually is a good home man with a family.

He is boss on the field, and the players respect his decisions and judgment even if they do not appear to during the heat of the game. Only a man of superior ability lasts very long in the big time.

★

Fans will always argue a close decision when its outcome affects their personal views or wishes. However, the big-league umpire calls them the way he sees them.

On a radio programme, one fan asked the great umpire Dolly Stark this question: "When a runner and the throw arrive at the base at the same instant, whom do you favour, the baseman or the runner?"

Stark coolly answered, "We favour neither. In fact there are no favour. We call them the way we see them. He is either out or he is safe. There are no ties and no favours."

This might seem a bit confusing, but it illustrates the point that the umpire is honest with himself, and to the game in general.

—DICK MURRAY

New this month!

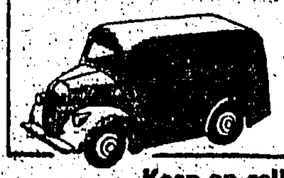


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The original of this Dinky Supertoy is a six-wheel Royal Air Force vehicle used on aerodromes for refuelling and defuelling aircraft. The model is enamelled in R.A.F. blue with a roundel on the front. Towing hook at rear and driver in cab. Length 5¼".

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DINKY TOYS No. 455 Trojan Van — "Brooke-Bond Tea"



A new version of the Trojan 15-cwt. Van is now available attractively finished in bright red with the name "Brooke Bond Tea" in white on the sides. Length 2⅞".

Keep on collecting

DINKY TOYS & DINKY SUPERTOYS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13

This Tiny Island Played A Vital Part In The American Revolution

ST. Eustatius is its name. It was known as St. Eustatia at the time of the Revolution. The Americans themselves affectionately referred to it as "Statia."

It is almost impossible to find in your history books and very hard to find on the map. It is a tiny island in the Caribbean, actually just the rim around an extinct volcano.

But without it the American Revolution could not have been won. It is even doubtful if it could have been started without Statia.

Remember how the Americans lost their first big battle—The Battle of Bunker Hill—only because they ran out of gun powder? When the Revolution started the colonies had only about 30 tons of powder available on American soil.

After Bunker Hill the American Army had artillery ammunition enough for only one cannon on Prospect Hill. It was fired sparingly, just often enough to let the British know the Americans were not napping.

In January of 1776 Washington had such a tiny reserve of powder and ball that if General Howe had attacked in full scale he could have ended the war almost without a struggle.

TWO FAVOURABLE FACTORS

But there were two factors in the favour of the belligerent colonies. Although they had no factories to make arms and ammunition, they did have over 1,000 of the world's fastest merchant ships, manned by some of the finest sailors on the seven seas. With these they could and did sneak war supplies through British blockades.

Also, on the other side of the ocean was Holland. And Holland was then willing to do anything to help the colonies cripple England, who had stolen so much of her world trade.

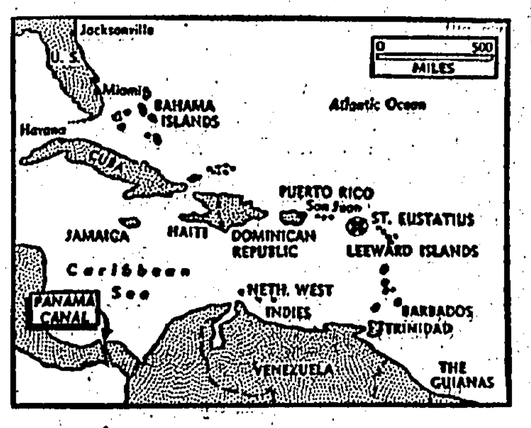
Now Holland owned this little island in the Caribbean.

For centuries it had been a favourite rendezvous where pirates disposed of their plunder. Even before the war started, it had been a bargain counter in the Caribbean. There the ships of every nation in the world could buy or sell almost anything.

Its mile-long street was lined with warehouses waiting to function as a mid-ocean arsenal for America.



First salute to the Stars and Stripes was fired from old Fort Oranje (above) on St Eustatius. Map (below) shows the island.



Ships from arms manufacturers and merchants in Holland and France and even in England, sailed with their cargoes disguised. Then they slipped through the screen of British warships and unloaded them at Statia.

In turn, American merchants, the various colonies and even the Continental Congress sent other ships to Statia to receive the contrabrand.

The Dutch Governor of the Island, Johannes de Graaff, was one of America's warmest friends. It was at St. Eustatia, in fact, that the new American flag received its first foreign formal salute.

At this tiny Caribbean outpost, only seven square miles in size, the rebels supplied themselves not only with the materials of war but with everything they needed. Almost every country in Europe connived to furnish these supplies.

England knew what was happening but was powerless to prevent it. All during the revolution, Statia flourished as the island arsenal of the struggling colonies.

Finally England declared war on Holland. In 1781 Admiral Sir George Rodney descended upon the island with all the fury of years of pent-up frustration.

After a furious fight he captured 50 armed American merchant ships, took prisoner 2,000 American merchants and seamen, and sent home 34 shiploads of confiscated supplies.

But the war was nearly over then. The American trade had been falling off. France had entered the war as a direct ally.

The capture was not too serious, for St. Eustatius had fulfilled her role as the island that had armed victorious America.

—Ray Thompson

THE FEMALE BLACK WIDOW IS DANGEROUS

RETURNING home from a camping trip in the sagebrush areas of the far West, a friend of mine noticed a small lump on his chest. Alarmed and puzzled, he visited a doctor, who removed a brown insect that was gorged with blood and badly swollen.

"A sage tick bit you," the physician announced. "This is the bug that carries the germs of a bad disease known as Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Of course, only a few of them are carriers. You probably won't be ill, but you might be."

• •

My friend was one of the lucky ones. The tick that burrowed its way into his flesh did not carry spotted fever germs.

Not every bitten person is as fortunate. Every year there are many cases of spotted fever and quite a few fatalities, in spite of medical progress. The disease is characterised by a very high fever, delirium and great reddish-coloured spots which sometimes cover most of the body.

Millions of the tiny brown ticks live in the brushlands. Anyone who roams about in these areas may pick them up while brushing against vegetation. Sometimes their presence on or in the flesh of the body is not discovered for several days, giving the intruders time to get in their deadly work.

The pests exhibit strong clinging tendencies and are difficult to brush off even when not embedded in the flesh. Sometimes they burrowing in



they may be "persuaded" to back out by touching them with a piping-hot hatpin.

Wilderness travellers make a practice of looking themselves over carefully at least once a day, using a mirror, in order to locate and remove whatever ticks are discovered.

• •

Sage ticks are most common during wet, cool periods, particularly in the spring. Hot weather seems to kill most of them, but they have been seen as late as October.

Sheep herders, placer miners, vacationists and others who frequent the western solitudes almost all take inoculations of preventive serum.

Another insect that causes grave illness is the black widow spider. This small creature packs a poisonous venom many times as powerful as that of the dreaded rattlesnake. But the quantity is small, which accounts for the fact that the majority of the victims recover.

Only the female of the specie bites. She can be easily identified by the red or orange-coloured "hour glass" on the under side of her body. I once found three black widows in my basement; all of them had the ominous hour glass marking.

Sufferers from the black widow's bite are usually ill for about two weeks. A doctor should always be called.

For many years it was thought that the tarantula's bite was invariably fatal. Yet the big, ugly spider so commonly seen in the desert areas of America's southwest is largely a bluffer. Its bite may cause local swelling and discomfort, but is probably never fatal.

If You Like To Laugh, Read These

HERE are books guaranteed to upset your tickle box! When you want a book for laughing purposes look for these in the bookstore or the library.

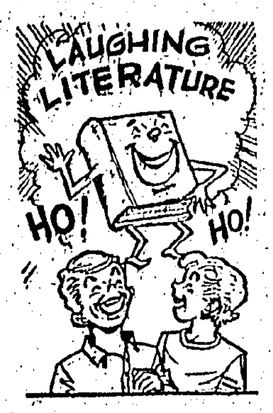
"The Little Cow and the Turtle" by Meindert DeJong tells of a roaming underaized cow and the strange friends she made the year of the big potato crop. This book, like most of the others in this group, is easy to read so you can hurry along between laughs.

★ ☆ ★

Suppose all the dinosaurs didn't die! In "The Shy Stegosaurus of Cricket Creek" by Evelyn S. Lampman, you can read about what might have happened if a stray dinosaur lived on a western ranch.

"The Wicked Enchantment" by Margot Benary-Isbert takes place in a German town where anything can happen—and does. Aunt Gundula, who permits her pet bees to swarm in and out of her fur hat will become one of your favourite characters.

The funnybone of this book, "Eddie and His Big Deals" by Carolyn Haywood, is the swapping Eddie does. Imagine a boy carrying a doll on the street because he might be able to trade it. Or imagine a father who invents a boa constrictor in the nick of time. This is a very funny book



guaranteed to make you howl with laughter.

Another rollicking tale is "Uncle Ben's Whale" by Walter D. Edmonds. Anything can happen when the skipper of a canal boat harpoons a whale and exhibits it in a side show.

★ ☆ ★

You may be big for picture books but you'll chuckle over "Dancing in the Moon" by Fritz Eichenberg—imagine "24 pandas asleep on verandas"; "Froddy and the Baseball Team from Mars" by Walter R. Brooks—Who's on first? A pig! "Laughing Time" by William Jay Smith—poems, very funny; and "Beezus and Ramona" by Beverly Cleary—oh what a pest that Ramona is and how funny.

Knarf Loses His Ball

—Policeman Tells Him How To Find It—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the Shadow Boy with the turned-about name, went down the street. First he looked to one side, then he looked to the other side. The rest of the time he looked in front of him, although, now and then, he looked behind him.

Finally, Knarf reached the corner. He was so busy looking on one side, and on the other side, and in back of him and in front of him that he bumped into the Policeman.

"Ah, good morning, Knarf!" said the Policeman.

"Good morning, Policeman!" said Knarf.

"You seem to be looking for something," said the Policeman.

Red Rubber Ball

"I am looking for something," said Knarf. "I'm looking for a ball—a red, rubber ball."

"What happened to it?" said the Policeman.

"Well," said Knarf, "I was playing with the ball—this red, rubber ball—and I threw it up in the air. And all of a sudden, it went over the fence."

"I see. I see," said the Policeman. "You looked for it, of course?"

"Oh yes, sir," said Knarf. "I looked all over for it. I climbed over the fence and looked but it wasn't there."

Policeman said: "It was there all right, Knarf. It's still there."

"I suppose so," said Knarf.

Buttons And Pennies

"That red, rubber ball is hiding," said the Policeman. "There's nothing like a ball for hiding—except maybe buttons and pennies. They hide just as much."

Policeman smiled.

"What folks don't understand is that things like to play games."

"I don't understand that," said Knarf. He looked puzzled.

"What games do things play, Policeman?"

Policeman pushed back his hat and thought for a minute or two. Presently he said: "The game that rubber balls and pennies



"I'm looking for a red ball," Knarf told Policeman.

enjoy playing is hide-and-seek."

"Oh," said Knarf. Then he said: "That's right."

"Pins like playing hide-and seek, too," said the Policeman. "They get in a crack somewhere and stay there until you find them. And take soap bubbles. They're always playing a game."

"What game, Policeman?" asked Knarf.

"They play follow-the-master. Just blow two or three soap bubbles and you'll see them following the first bubble, up and down away, until finally they burst. And take tea kettles—"

"Do they play games too?" asked Knarf.

"If you fill them with water and put them on the stove," said Policeman, "sooner or later they will always start whistling! And as for marbles—"

"Yes?" asked Knarf, wondering what kind of games marbles play.

"They are always playing tag with each other. Of course," he added, "someone generally has to give them a push with his finger. But once that's done, you always see them tapping the marble in front of them and getting a lot of fun out of it. Tops always like to hop-skip-and-jump before they settle down to spinning, and the same thing goes for jacks when they roll them out. And have you ever seen a needle playing train with a thread?"

Stamps Take Trips

"Oh yes," said Knarf. "I've often seen that."

"Stamps are always going off on trips with letters—though that's not really a game. I've never yet seen a clock that was worth looking at that wasn't going although it was standing still the whole time. And if that last playing's a game, I don't know what is."

Knarf thought all this was very strange.

"But it still doesn't help me to find my red, rubber ball, Policeman! What should I do to find it?"

"That's very simple," said Policeman. "Just keep on looking."

And that's what Knarf had to do.

Rupert and the Old Hat—43



YOUR BIRTHDAY By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17

BORN today, you have a wide range of interests and it will be up to you to narrow down your field so that you may more easily concentrate on some one activity. Once you have done this, you will rise to outstanding success. However, if you dawdle your way through life, you may not reach any specific goal. To reach a goal, you must first have a definite and specific objective.

You are not very aggressive. If things come to you by reason of your talents, then fine! But you are not one to go out looking for things. If you do learn to be more ambitious, then there is little within the sphere of your interests which you may not achieve. You are, may it be said, very much the master of your own fate. The stars have given you the talent; it is up to you to make the best use of it.

You have native business ability and will be able to make a comfortable living at almost anything you may undertake. This may be one reason for your lack of ambition. Unfortunately, this can be the road to a comfortable mediocrity. If this is all you want—then act accordingly.

You have an affectionate nature and will be happiest when you are living at home in the midst of your own family. You of the fair sex especially are not likely to strike out and make a career for yourself. You would much prefer to make marriage your life career and the management of your home and family your first and paramount interest. You would, incidentally, make a fine wife for an ambitious man!

Among those born on this date were: James J. Hill, railroad magnate; Julia Marlowe, actress; Archbishop Michael A. Corrigan of New York; Cardinal Rampolla of Rome; John T. Kirkland, early president of Harvard; Laura de F. Gordon, pioneer woman attorney; and Mae West, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Fine aspects for all Sunday interests. There is romance for you, too, if you are seeking it. Might meet "the one!"

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be alert to delays foisted upon you by outsiders this morning. Be alert in taking the initiative.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Your time is your own today, so select the most pleasurable activity. Have fun.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Seek spiritual guidance in any perplexing problem. Health values are important for you.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Morning devotions can prove spiritually exhilarating and give you an accelerated ambition to succeed.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—This can prove to be the most important Sunday in the month for you. Some ambition or special hope is realised.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—All general interests are now highly favoured. See to it that you get exactly what you are looking for.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—This should be an active day for you. Some previously made plan may come to fruition. Act upon it.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Your morning Sunday devotions can give you increased inspiration and initiative to accomplish an important task.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Rest the mind as well as the body today, and gain spiritual rejuvenation through spiritual exercise.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—A fine idea for you to give special consideration to health essentials just now. Let down tensions.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Your usual Sunday programme will prove healthful and relaxing. Get out of doors if at all possible.

BORN today, you have a studious, careful and considerate nature. You always think before you act, and then when you are ready to move ahead, you are vigorous and energetic in carrying out your objective. You are not the type to talk about your plans before you are ready to put them into operation. You consider that actions speak much more loudly than words. You are so used to being successful in your enterprises that you have a naturally happy and optimistic nature and are always looking on the bright side of things. Or perhaps it is because you are so optimistic—that things work out so well for you!

You have a vivid imagination and can envision things as they might be in the future. You are inclined to think that your present conditions are cramped and frustrating and you will want to climb out of them as soon as possible. You have very definite ideas about things and want others to conform. In other words, to play, you must be the leader!

When you work, you work at a high pitch—and when you play, you play at top speed. You seem to be able to revitalise your energies by changing pace and seldom, if ever, get tired. You appear to have boundless energy.

Your emotions are near the surface, and since your love of nature is strong, you will be happiest if you wed early and have a large, adoring family. Your social life is likely to revolve around your own home.

Among those born on this date were: Virginia Dare, first child of English parents born in America; Marshall Field and Seth Thomas, merchants; George S. Fullerton and James A. Hyslop, psychologists, and Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 19

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may profitably combine business and pleasure if you wish. Take a trip. Be on the lookout for romance.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Health is important. If that is good, then everything else will work out exactly as you expect it to.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Take good care of essential details in your work programme and avoid carelessness.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If your judgment has been sound these past few weeks, all events today should develop satisfactorily.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you exert caution, then unexpected incidents cannot cause undue tension. You will be prepared for them.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—All can go well if you are careful to handle minor upsets as they occur. Settle problems wisely.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You will need all your tact and wisdom to cope with a major upset, which can occur unless you prevent it.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be prepared to act upon new opportunities now offered you. It can open new doors of accomplishment.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Carelessness today can cause a less which can be repaired only by double work. So take things easy!

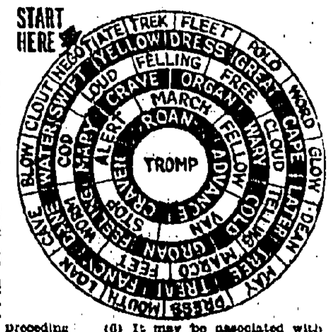
TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Annoying complications which have been preventing your advance for the past few days are now over. Make progress.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You can make up for any time lost recently if you pay close attention to the job and don't procrastinate.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—If you have kept out of trouble for the five days just past, then you can make steady progress now.

DARTWORDS

THE starting word in today's Dartwords is NEGOTIATE and the finishing word is TROMP. You have to find your way through the maze of words in the 50-word circle by rearranging the other words in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of the six rules below.



Rules: (1) the word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.

(2) It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

(3) It may be found by adding one letter to or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.

(4) It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.

(5) It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.

(6) It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or other composition.

A typical succession of words might be: Unsubscribed Invalid Chair Beach Glitter Cure Branch Limb Law Awl Basal Bowl.

(Solution on Page 24)

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

SEARCH URANIUM

Equipment designed at Harwell will be used in an aerial survey for uranium in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland this month.

Dr Basil Schonland, deputy director of engineering research at Harwell and one of the world's leading atomic scientists, is in the federation directing the project.

The survey will cover about 6,000 square miles of Southern Rhodesia. Scintillation sounding—an improvement on the geiger counter — will be the method used.

Another new method of searching for uranium will be tried out later. This involves examining rivers and their tributaries which might drain uranium-bearing rocks.

Dr Schonland will explain the new methods and advise the government on safety measures in the use of radioactive material.

• • •

DEATH WATCH

Gamma rays and high frequency electric currents are being used by scientists in research laboratories at High Wycombe, Harwell and elsewhere to fight the death watch beetle.

Research with radiation at a research laboratory near High Wycombe has found that this may arrest development of infestation by furniture beetles.

"Promising" results have also followed laboratory experiments carried out in co-operation with the radiation chemistry group of the atomic energy research establishment at Harwell.

Scientists say that although the high dosages required to kill the larvae are not likely to be practical and safe to use for eradicating infestation, the arrested development of larvae and the sterilisation of adults can be achieved at "comparatively low dosages."

• • •

SUN SECRETS

Scientists in Australia have begun an intensive observation programme aimed at discovering the secrets of the sun.

Special equipment in Sydney is being used to take photographs of the sun's atmosphere every 30 seconds. By studying these scientists should discover new facts about the effects of the sun upon the earth.

These "sun studies" are one of Australia's major projects for the International Geophysical Year.

By the end of the year there will be 250,000 photographs to study. They will be co-ordinated with observations made at 40 other stations throughout the world.

Other equipment near Sydney has recorded the Aurora Australis for the first time.

The equipment—known as an airglow recorder—can pick up and record the light of a match 20 miles away.

Other projects include rocket research and a special seismic study of earthquakes.

Hundreds of volunteers and about 300 scientists have been lined up for the year's programme.

• • •

COLD GAS

Research chemists in New Zealand have developed 11 different blends of petrol to rid motorists of "icing" troubles during the winter. Each blend has been formulated after months of laboratory experiments and road tests.

The need for the new blends came from the introduction of 79 octane petrol. In certain winter conditions vaporisation from this petrol acts like a refrigerator, building up ice in the carburettor.

Oil companies put out winter blends, but New Zealand motorists still had icing troubles.

Checking on the causes, the research chemists found that the country has 11 different winter climates.

The exact conditions of the climate zones were reproduced in laboratories, where the chemists used carburettors with plastic windows to study ice formations.

The findings were then checked on extensive road tests.

In the first test, in temperatures around 35 degrees, there was no icing with the special-blend petrol.

• • •

QUEER FISH

A deep water research team in Cook Strait, which separates New Zealand's North and South islands, has caught a number of mystery fish at depths of up to 600 fathoms.

One pair has been identified as members of the electric skate family. The fish have small sunken eyes, large breathing holes and small razor-sharp teeth.

But experts are still puzzled by two jet-black sharks with phosphorescent patches on their undersides.

Hauls have also included unknown species of parasitic eels and brown spiny-skinned sharks with green eyes.

The fish—many of which were more than 5ft long—were caught on the slope of the under-water canyon which enters Cook Strait from the Pacific.

• • •

SOIL BANK

The plan to pay farmers for not growing things, more or less ditched by the House of Representatives, has come back to life again in the U.S. Senate. And it seems that the pressure is so great that the House has second thoughts.

This plan is known, oddly, as the "Soil Bank Programme" though anything less like a "bank" could hardly be imagined. What would happen to a bank which started paying people not to use their money?

It is still confidently expected, even by the hard-headed Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, that the plan will put an end to the problem of farm surpluses.

Past experience of such schemes suggests, however, that farmers who are paid to take some of their land out of service, are likely to devote a lot of time and energy to improving the yields on the land that is still being used and the effect may therefore be quite a lot less dramatic than the planners think.

• • •

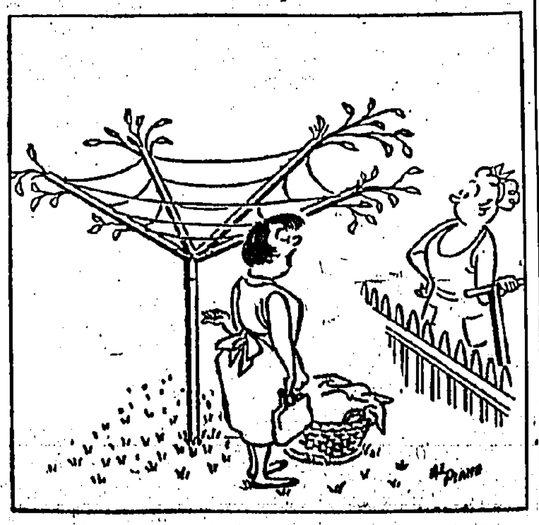
WHO PAYS

Efficient use of land in a country with plenty to spare comes only under pressure.

So the taxpayer may find that he is paying the farmer not to use his land and also paying him for surpluses that no one can sell.

The plan does, of course, have a soil conservation clause and if it encourages farmers to stop making dust bowls it may all be worth while. But somebody is going to have to pay for it—and it won't be the farmer.

This Funny World



"It's all that rain we've been having lately."

• BY THE • WAY

By Beachcomber

SOMEONE has asked why so few women play the flute. It was a woman, nay, a goddess, Minerva, who invented the flute, but the story goes that she gave it up when she realised that she had to make faces in order to play it.

That may account for the scarcity of women flautists. Marsyas the Phrygian found her discarded flute, and, like a dolt, challenged Apollo to a contest. "Very well," said Apollo. "But the loser shall be flayed alive." The Muses, rank with prejudice, awarded the victory to Apollo, and Marsyas was flayed alive. The moral is: if you go in for a musical competition, make sure that there are no gods competing.

Hardly credible

A MAN questioned by the police in connection with the theft of a 750-ton crane, said, "Yes, I picked it up and took it home."

In passing

GOVERNMENT research has revealed that the consumption of coal tends to increase during the winter months. To meet increased consumption, coal will go up another five or six shillings a ton in October, which will mean increased postal charges (4d. for a letter not over half an ounce), and an adjustment rise in railway and bus fares, gas, butter, zinc, parsley, and M.P.s' salaries.

Enough to be going on with

WHAT will happen if, during a total eclipse of a man-made moon, a rocket satellite ricochets off a stationary artificial meteor anchored in the stratosphere, and cannons into the meteorological space-balloon attached to the man-made moon? The most likely occurrence is a disturbance in the Gulf Stream, followed by the melting of all the earth's glaciers and the sudden superluminosity of the Aurora Borealis.

TARGET

HOW many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the right? In making each word, the letters in each of the small squares may be used once only. Each word must contain the large letter in the centre square, and there must be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals; no foreign words; no proper names. TODAY'S TARGET: 18 words, good; 43 words, very good; 61 words, excellent. Solution on Monday.

L	S	I
M	E	D
E	S	B

(YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION) Certain terms will often suggest one letter, but this may not be right. Thus, "pas" suggests "passage," but the word may be "pastel" or "pastime" or "passion" and so on.

• JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Bidding Leads To Grand Slam

By OSWALD JACOBY

TODAY'S hand illustrates the excellent slam bidding of Walter and Bobby Wolff of Texas. Bobby, sitting North, looked at his hand a couple of times extra when his partner opened the bidding with one club. He intended to get to some sort of a slam but he had two problems in the bidding. Did Walter really have a club suit and did Walter hold the ace of hearts?

Walter solved both problems for him very quickly. Bobby started toward the slam by making the normal response of two spades and Walter confirmed his club suit by rebidding to three clubs. Many players would have tried two or three no-trump but Walter had plenty of time for that.

Bobby's second bid of three diamonds was unusual but it gave Walter a chance to show his heart ace. He did so by bidding three hearts.

Bobby was now sure of a club grand slam but a no-trump grand slam would count more so Bobby asked for aces by bidding four no-trump. When Walter showed one ace only Bobby jumped to seven clubs.

Walter considered seven no-trump for one moment only and then passed. He assumed that Bobby knew what he was doing.

	NORTH	28
	♠ A K Q J	
	♥ K Q 5	
	♦ None	
	♣ A J 10 9 8 7	
WEST		EAST
♠ 10 8 7 3 2		♠ 9 4
♥ 6 3		♥ 10 9 8 4 2
♦ A 6 5 3 2		♦ J 10 9 8 4
♣ 3		♣ 6
	SOUTH (D)	
	♠ 6 5	
	♥ A J 7	
	♦ K Q 7	
	♣ K Q 5 4 2	

No one vulnerable

South	West	North	East
1 ♣	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
3 ♣	Pass	3 ♦	Pass
3 ♥	Pass	4 N.T.	Pass
5 ♦	Pass	7 ♣	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Opening lead—♦ A

♥♠ CARD Sense ♦♣

Q—The bidding has been:

North	East	South	West
2 ♦	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
3 ♦	Pass	4 ♦	Pass
5 ♣	Pass	?	

You, South, hold: ♠ A K 10 6 5 ♥ 3 2 ♦ J 8 7 ♣ 7 6 5

What do you do?

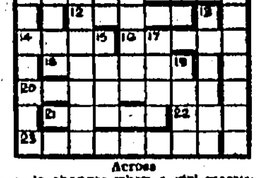
A—Bid five diamonds. Your partner may be trying for a slam but you can't move with those two little hearts.

TODAY'S QUESTION

Your partner continues by bidding five hearts. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

Small crossword

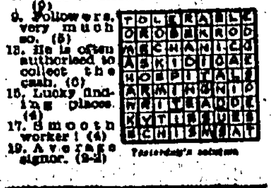


Across

1. It changes when a girl marries. (6)
10. A god in zero state. (4)
11. Pass Neath (anag.) (5)
12. Study it, music-makers. (5)
14. Tear it up. (4)
16. Got ready for eating. (5)
18. A gripping pair. (5)
20. This is not necessarily the rat catcher's entrance. (4-4)
21. Admiral from Americans on board. (5)
22. Milford is on it and Southend. (3)
23. Is this the entrance for swankers? (4-4)

Down

1. The clothes team up readily with other items. (9)
2. It's usually considered rather a white country. (9)
3. Tidy. (4)
4. Confident it makes a sad ruse. (7)
5. d. This provides a "cupper" for many. (3)
7. Nonsense! (5)
9. Sense it most of all mixed up. (9)
6. Followers, very much so. (5)
13. He is often authorised to collect the cash. (9)
15. Lucky finding places. (7)
17. Smooth worker! (4)
19. Average signor. (3-2)



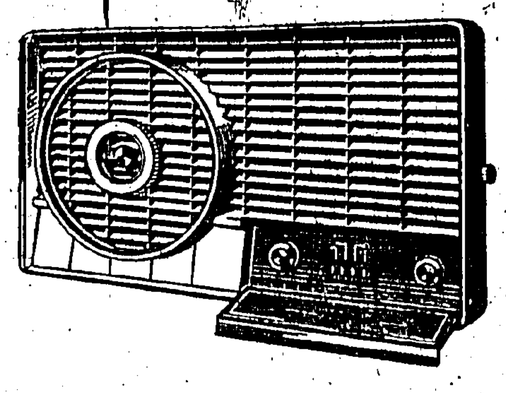
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Page 20 SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1957.

NEW! SHEAFFER'S Feathertouch BALLPOINT

SOMETHING WRONG IN SATELLITES

MOLOTOV STILL ALIVE

Copenhagen, Aug. 16.

Danish Communist Party chief, Aksel Larsen, denied today reports that ousted Soviet Vice-Premier, Vyacheslav Molotov, is dead.

Larsen, who returned on Wednesday after leading a Danish Communist Party delegation to Moscow, also denied that reprisals were taken against Molotov, Vice-Premiers Lazar Kaganovich and Georgi Malenkov, and ex-Foreign Minister, Georgi Shepilov, after they were deposed last month.

Larsen, in an interview with the Danish Communist daily Land Og Folk, said the four ousted leaders had "obtained other posts" after being excluded from the Party Central Committee and their ministerial offices.

Larsen added: "Otherwise, no reprisals were taken against them and no trial is being prepared."—France-Presse.

GAITSKELL MEETS TITO

Belgrade, Aug. 16.

Mr Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the British Labour Party, had a four-hour meeting today with President Tito of Yugoslavia at the latter's summer home at Brion, in the Adriatic.

Mr Gaitskell said by telephone afterwards that he and President Tito had a "long, frank and very interesting discussion on current political and international questions."

Mr Gaitskell declined to give details, but said British Labour Party relations with Yugoslavia were discussed.

It was Mr Gaitskell's first meeting with President Tito since he became leader of the Labour Party two years ago.—Reuter.

Mr K's Movements Convince Dr Adenauer

Bonn, Aug. 16.

DR KONRAD ADENAUER, the West German Chancellor, said at Gelsenkirchen today that "something is wrong in Poland, Hungary and Rumania" and Mr Nikita Khrushchev, the Soviet Communist Party Secretary, was not travelling from one satellite country to the other for pleasure.

He said it was clear that "things have started moving" in the Soviet orbit.

Dr Adenauer, speaking at an election rally in this Ruhr coal mining town, accused the Soviets of not wanting the reunification of Germany because they were afraid that a reunified Germany would establish good relations with its eastern neighbour, Poland.

If such good relations were established, the Soviet Union feared resistance in Poland would grow to an extent making it impossible to crush it again.

REPATRIATION

Referring to the West German-Soviet talks in Moscow dealing with the repatriation of Germans from the Soviet Union and West German-Soviet trade relations, Dr Adenauer said the Soviets were again using people they were holding back in the Soviet Union as "bargaining counters."

They had done this once before during his visit to Moscow in 1955 when the Soviets demanded the establishment of diplomatic relations as the price for the release of about 10,000 German prisoners of war.

Dr Adenauer said that the Soviets were acting in the same spirit by regarding the 17 million Germans in Communist-ruled East Germany as bargaining counters.—Reuter.

More Killings In France

Paris, Aug. 16.

A north African shot and killed a fellow Moslem fund collector today to avoid being executed by the National Liberation Front (FLN).

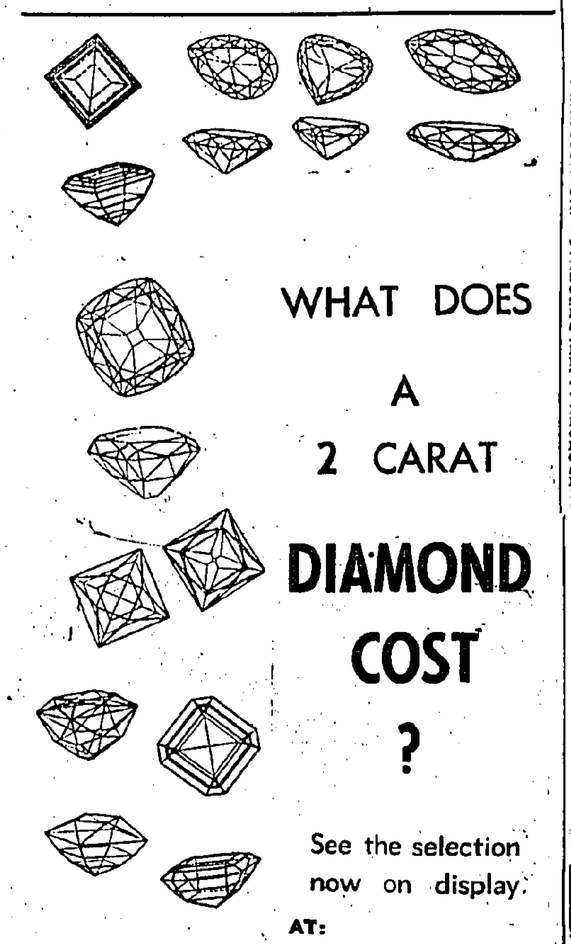
The incident, at Gardanne, near Marseilles, was typical of the violent increase in killings and woundings that has marked all of France since Monday morning.

Twenty-two persons have died and 30 have been wounded in the wave of violence this past week—the bloodiest in France itself since the Arab rebellion started in Algeria in 1954.

Speculation has been that the FLN collectors have been turning on the pressure in order to gain funds for a possible autumn offensive to coincide with the opening of the United Nations debate on Algeria.—United Press.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

NEGOTIATE Treat Great Dane Dean Swift Fleet Feet Cold Cod Cape Cave Crave Craven Yellow Fellow Feeling Felling Telling Blow Glow Worm Word Mouth Loud Cloud Clout May Mary Wary Alert Later Writer Pole Marco March Trek Tree Free Fancy Dress Press Stop Organ Groan Roan Loan Advance Van THOMP.



Printed and published by PETER PLUMBLY for and on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria in the Colony of Hongkong.

Diving Record Equalled

Houston, Aug. 16.

Miss Paula Myers, 22-year-old diving star from Los Angeles, today equalled the record of Olympic champion Mrs Pat McCormick by completing a clean sweep of five indoor and outdoor titles in the American women's swimming and diving championships here.

Mrs McCormick accomplished the feat in 1951 and 1954. She turned professional recently, and did not defend her three out-door titles this year.

Miss Myers today regained the platform diving title she held in 1953.—Reuter.

Swans Need Seasons To Live Happily

Kuala Lumpur, Aug. 16.

Swans can't live happily in Malaya because they will not mate in a tropical climate, Chief Game Warden H. J. Kitchner said today.

He was commenting on the gift of four black swans from the Australian Government for Malaya's Independence celebrations.

"Swans can only live happily in a temperate climate," he said, "they will never settle down in Malaya because we have no seasons. The mating season of swans, like many other birds, is regulated by seasons.

"It is no use hoping the swans will get used to our tropical climate. Swans share the same characteristics of most animals, except man, of being unadaptable."

The Australian swans will be kept in the Johore Zoo for three weeks and after the independence celebrations will be transferred to the Lake Garden here.—United Press.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m., Morning Medley; 11.30, London Play House—"Meet Me At Dawn"; 12 Noon, Tune Time; 12.15 p.m., Three Men On A Mike—Featuring the Songs of Bing Crosby, Perry Como and Johnny Ray; 1, Keyboard Capers—Featuring Evalyn Tyner at the Keyboard; 1.15, Weather Report, News and Special Announcements; 1.30, George Melachrino and his Orchestra; 2, Saturday Requests—Presented by Betty; 3, Year by Year—Featuring the Song Hits of 1946; 3.30, In His Steps—The Story of Henry Maxwell—Episode 12; 4, Western Half Hour—Presented by Nick Kendall; 4.30, Rhythm Parade; 5, Meet The Stars—Presenting Georgie Shaw and Keely Smith; 5.30, Melody Magic; 6, Birthday Mailbag; 6.02, Unit Requests—Presented by Marjorie; 7, Rediffusion's Jazz Club—Presented by Philip Dickens; 7.30, A Programme of Music by Mantovani; 7.45, Song Time—Featuring Rugby Murray; 8, Time Signal and the News; 8.09, Weather Report, Announcements and Interlude; 8.15, Strange Tales of Easterman—Episode 14; 8.30, Voice of Sport; 9, Shriro Hit Parade; 9.30, Music From Maxim's; 10, Hollywood Open House—Starring Roland Young and John Morgan; 10.30, Harlem Nocturne; 11, Dance Party; 12 Midnight, God Save The Queen; Close Down.

TELEVISION

5 p.m., Children's Films; 5.20, Children's Story Time; 5.30, Children's Films; 6, Close Down; 7.30, Sports Box—Presented by Jock Sloan; 7.45, Newsreel of World and Colony Events; 8, Cantonese Film: "Mysterious Police Dog" (Part 2); 8.30, Alfred Hitchcock Presents: "Guilty Witness"; 8.57, "Here's Looking at You"; 9, Rosemary Clooney Show; 9.27, "Until Today"; 9.30, "Highway Patrol," starring Broderick Crawford; 10, Evening Feature Film: "Devil's Point"; 11, Late Night Final—News Headlines, Weather Report and Announcements; Close Down.

Britain Gains Swim Points

Birmingham, Aug. 16.

Britain gained a match winning 25 points to 11 lead over Sweden, one of the top European countries, at the end of the first session in the two-day swimming international here tonight.

Britain won all but one of the first seven events.

One of the best races was in the women's 400 yards freestyle, which Elspeth Ferguson (Britain) won by a touch from Karin Larsson in a best British time of four mins., 53 secs.—Reuter.

CHINA VISIT

Paris, Aug. 16.

A three-member delegation of the Amalgamated Union of Foundry Workers of Britain arrived in Peking by plane this afternoon on a tour of China, at the invitation of the First Engineering Workers Union of China, the New China News Agency reported tonight.—France-Presse.

BRITAIN LINING UP SUPPORT ON OMAN ISSUE

New York, Aug. 16.

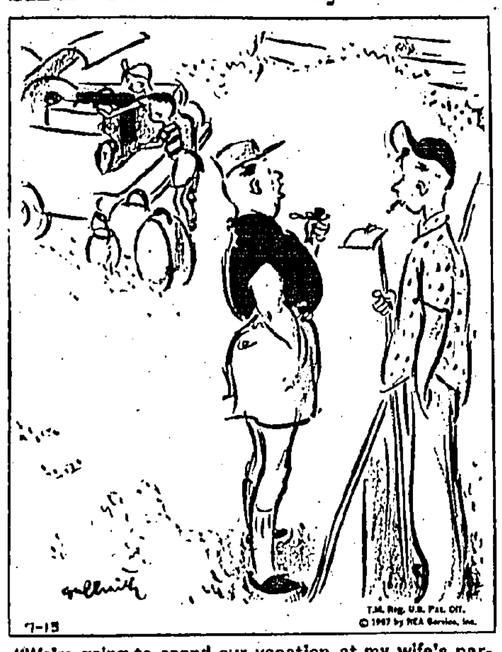
BRITAIN'S delegation in the United Nations was busy today trying to line up maximum opposition to the Arab case when the Security Council meets on the Oman question next week.

Informed sources said that the British hope was that no more than two members—Iraq and the Soviet Union—would vote for inscription of the item on the Council's agenda.

A British spokesman said it was "very unlikely" that the Arab bid would succeed. "We have a very good case," he added.

Seven affirmative votes in the 11-nation council are necessary for adoption of an agenda, and theoretically members must not raise substantive matters in procedural debate.—China Mail Special.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"We're going to spend our vacation at my wife's parents' home in the country—it always boosts my morale to watch farmers work!"

SURREY TAKE CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP

London, Aug. 16.

Surrey today made sure of winning the county cricket championship for the sixth consecutive year. A victory over Somerset at Weston-Super-Mare put them out of reach of all opposition.

Only Warwickshire since the war have won the title so early in August and curiously, they too became champions, on August 16 six years ago.

Northamptonshire, Surrey's last surviving challengers, dropped out of the race when they could only draw with Worcestershire in a rain ruined game.

But Surrey's victory was a close thing, as only eight minutes of extra time were left when Laker hit the decisive single with three wickets to spare.

Not Enough

As if the county title was not enough, Peter May, the Surrey captain, added to the honour by becoming today the first player to complete 2,000 runs for the season.

Celebrating his double triumph, May said: "I think we have an excellent chance of winning the championship again next year."

Surrey are at the top of the championship table with 252 points, with Northamptonshire second with 182 points and Yorkshire third with 160 points.—France-Presse.

NAMESAKES

Answers:—1 Junctions, 2 Scotland, 3 Highways, 4 Engineer, 5 Motors, 6 Traffic, 7 Road, 8 London, 9 Surface, 10 Movement.

John Meadam.

HK Lutheran Church Admitted Full Member

Minneapolis, Aug. 16.

This morning's plenary session of the Lutheran World Federation meeting here admitted to full membership the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Hongkong with 4,000 members.

Lutheran work in Hongkong started at the end of 1948, when the Lutheran Theological Seminary formerly located in Hupeh, Central China, moved to the Colony.

Also given full membership were the Mekane Lesus Evangelical Church of Addis Ababa, the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Oldenburg, Germany, with 445,000 members, and the Mexican Lutheran Church with 300 members.

The assembly also accepted as "recognised congregations", congregations in Columbia, Ecuador, Peru, and Venezuela.—Reuter.

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NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

"PERSEUS"

Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs Goddard & Douglas at Holt's Wharf from 10 a.m. on August 20 and 21, 1957, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,
Agents.

Hongkong, August 16, 1957.

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are hereby notified that their cargo will be discharged into the Hong Kong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co., Ltd.'s godown where it will be at consignees' risk and subject to the wharf's terms and conditions of storage and where delivery may be obtained.

Damaged packages are to be left in the godown for examination by consignees' and the company's surveyors, Messrs. Goddard & Douglas at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, 20th August, 1957.

No claims will be admitted after the goods have left the godown and all goods remaining undelivered after the 21st August, 1957, will be subject to rent.

All claims against the vessel must be presented to the undersigned on or before the 13th September, 1957, or they may not be recognised.

No Fire Insurance will be effected.

CIE DES MESSAGERIES MARITIMES
Hong Kong, 15th August, 1957.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

"AUTOMEDON"

Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs Goddard & Douglas at Holt's Wharf from 10 a.m. on August 19, 1957, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,
Agents.

Hong Kong, August 16, 1957.

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7.00 p.m. Evening Service
(Other Services arranged at any time by request.)

